

The Listener

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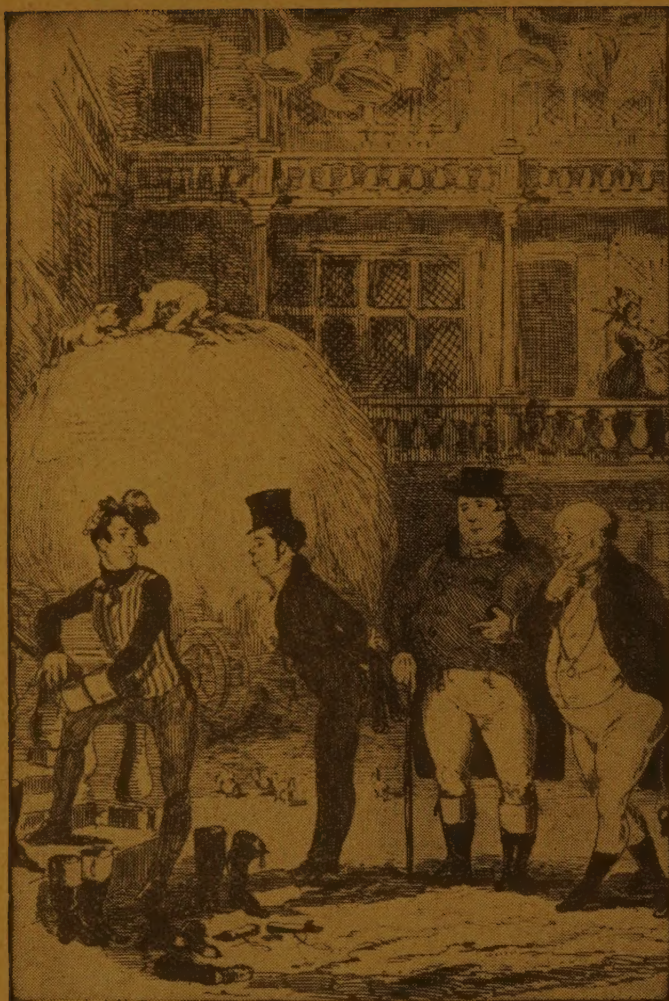
'Metal Standing Figure', by Henry Moore, on an estate in Dumfries (see 'The Siting of Sculpture', page 1044)

In this number:

The Political Problem of the Hydrogen Bomb (Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, O.M.)

Thoughts of an American in England (Mary McCarthy)

Calamities in the Opera House (Sir George Stuart Robertson)



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The Listener

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

The Inevitability of German Rearmament (William Pickles) ...	1031
Greece and the New Balkan Pact (Brigadier Claude H. Dewhurst) ...	1032
Aspects of the New Asia—I. Pakistan (Ian Stephens) ...	1033
The Hydrogen Bomb—IV. The Political Problem (Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, O.M.) ...	1035
Ten Years Back: The Normandy Landings (Alastair Borthwick) ...	1036
Thoughts of an American in England (Mary McCarthy) ...	1041
Education for Leadership in Germany (General F. von Senger und Etterlin) ...	1042

THE LISTENER:

Our American Visitors ...	1038
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	1038

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Remembering St. Cedd (Yvonne Adamson) ...	1039
Hollywood Legend (Péter Ustinov) ...	1039
Pied Beauties (Elspeth Hawthornthwaite) ...	1040
A New Way to Keep Cool (Ivor Jones) ...	1040

POEMS:

March Allotment (Norman Passant) ...	1043
Nature Poetry (D. J. Enright) ...	1043

ART:

The Siting of Sculpture (Lawrence Alloway and Basil Taylor) ...	1044
Round the London Galleries (Quentin Bell) ...	1058

LITERATURE:

The Comic Element in the English Novel—V (V. S. Pritchett) ...	1047
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	1059

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

1050

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Canon R. G. F. Waddington, H. Judith Grenville-Wells, Avraham C. Ben-Yosef, Andrew Rothstein, A. J. Halpern, Gavin Harris, Henry Savage, Rev. F. H. Amphlett Micklewright, and D. M. Low ...	1053
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MUSIC:

Calamities in the Opera House (Sir George Stuart Robertson) ...	1056
Bax and his Piano Sonatas (Norman Suckling) ...	1069

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	1064
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	1064
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	1065
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	1067
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	1067

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE: Making Gooseberry Jam (Louise Davies) ...

1071

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

1071

CROSSWORD NO. 1,259 ...

1071

The Inevitability of German Rearmament

By WILLIAM PICKLES

FOUR or five years ago I gave a lecture in the town of Arras, in northern France, about politics and public opinion in Britain. After the lecture I was asked a question I had never been asked before. What would be the attitude of the British public if it were proposed to rearm Germany? I replied, with no hesitation at all, that I had never heard the question publicly discussed, but was sure the British would never tolerate a rearmed Germany. That answer produced some of the loudest and longest applause, from the whole audience, that I have ever had.

You all know that if I were asked that question today I should have to say that the situation has changed and much of British opinion with it. I should say that the Conservative Government had accepted a form of German rearmament, with no protest that I had heard of from any Conservative organisation. I should add that, on the Labour side, although several organisations affiliated to the Labour Party have cast heavy votes against German rearmament, the Labour Members of Parliament have voted for it by a small majority and that last week nearly half the votes in the Co-operative Congress were cast in favour of German rearmament. And I should point out that a big majority of half the people plus at least a minority of the other half adds up to a majority of the whole country, ready to accept a German contribution to the defence of the west.

The opposite answer from only four or five years ago. But if I were back in Arras, I should get my applause again, though this time it would not be unanimous. French opinion, too, has changed. Indeed, only a few weeks ago, the citizens of this very town of Arras sent a new Member in favour of German rearmament to the French parliament, after a tough by-election campaign, fought almost exclusively on the problem of how Germany shall be rearmed. The majority of the citizens of Arras, who applauded my passionate little speech against German rearmament so short a time ago, have finished the argument about whether Germany shall be rearmed and gone on to the next stage—to the problem of how she can be rearmed with the maximum of safety for the rest of us.

And if I were questioned on that aspect of British opinion I should have to confess, shamefacedly, that for the first time in the post-war world, a great deal of British opinion is lagging hopelessly and uselessly behind the facts. Look at last week's Co-operative Congress resolution. It decided that Great Britain must not 'be a party in agreeing that western Germany should be rearmed or allowed to be rearmed'. Those are the actual words, and they were passed by a majority of the size of about ten to nine. The delegates would have done just as much good if they had passed a resolution deploring last week's weather; they would have relieved their feelings and got no nearer to getting what they want.

They have overlooked the events of the last few years. At the end of the war, it was possible to think of keeping Germany disarmed for ever, if the rest of us were prepared to bring our own armaments down bit by bit. When it became clear that Russia would not disarm at all, it was still possible to hope she would co-operate in keeping Germany disarmed for as long as possible. But that hope went, too, when Russia began rearming eastern Germany, and a communist satellite actually started an aggressive war in Korea. All our allies began then to face the fact that we had either to multiply our own armaments to the point at which we could defend Germany as well as ourselves, or find ways of getting a German contribution. None of the allies liked the idea of a rearmed Germany. Most of them have even better reasons than we have for fearing and distrusting Germany. The people of Arras have had three German invasions and two German occupations in less than eighty years. That is why they cannot afford not to face the facts. That is why they have stopped crying for the moon of a disarmed Germany and are ready to settle for the best method they can find of keeping German rearmament in hand. Western Germany is only one short step from becoming an independent state, able to decide her own fate, and not one German political party believes that Germany can or should remain disarmed. If Britain were in the same position, surrounded by two great armed blocs, no British political party would behave any differently. All our allies either want or accept German

rearmament. Belgium, Holland, and the U.S. have accepted both the principle and the method; in France and Italy the majority have accepted the principle and are arguing about the method. Only in Britain is any big body of opinion still stuck in the mud of 'whether' instead of getting on to the solid ground of 'how?'

I have been reading the reports of some of the debates in recent conferences, and, so far as I can see, two main arguments are being used against German rearmament. The first runs something like this. When German rearmament was first suggested, Stalin was alive and dangerous. He gambled with peace until he miscalculated and we nearly had a third world war in Korea. Perhaps, while that was happening, people say, it really was necessary to rearm Germany. But things changed when Stalin died. As soon as Malenkov and the new men came in there were signs of a different spirit. It is true that they have given nothing away, either at Berlin or at Geneva, but the old signs of aggressiveness have gone. So, people ask, why should we rearm the Germans to help build a defence against Russia if there is no sign that Russia is going to attack us?

That argument does not answer the point I have been making, which is that the moves towards rearmament have gone too far for it to be possible to stop them now, but it is serious enough to deserve some thought. The answer to it is hidden in the argument itself. Let us suppose that the present rulers of Russia do not intend either to attack us or to take the kind of risk that Stalin took. Let us try to believe for the moment that Malenkov and his colleagues have completely abandoned the old Stalin policies. Make that assumption and what have you got? You have got, right at the heart of your own argument, the fact that Russian policy can change overnight. You have got the grim fact that if Malenkov, or whoever is in charge, dies or is executed, or if they merely change their minds, aggression could start tomorrow, without warning; and if it does, the armies, the tanks, the guns, the aircraft, the atom bombs and perhaps hydrogen bombs are all there to push it on at lightning speed. The very argument about the change in Russian policy is proof of the need for that minimum defence that can

persuade *whoever* rules Russia to think twice before their armies march.

The other argument is even more tempting, at first sight. It says that we ought to have offered Russia a bargain at Berlin. We should have said that if Russia would agree to genuinely free elections throughout Germany we would give up the idea of German rearmament. Until that proposition has been put and turned down, the argument runs, we ought not to agree to German rearmament.

The first thing to note about that scheme is that nobody, in either Germany or Russia, has suggested it, though they also were free to do so if it had appealed to them. But suppose they did, and we agreed; what would happen then? Try to put yourself in the place of the German Chancellor—the Prime Minister—in a free, united, and disarmed Germany. On your eastern frontier are the immense communist armies, and on your west, the British, Americans, Canadians, French, and the rest. Defenceless Germany, with her factories and mineral wealth, with her very space alone, is a temptation to both sides. If they march, Germany becomes a battlefield, and, whichever side wins, she is totally destroyed. In those circumstances any government in any country is bound to seek an alliance with one side or the other, to try to push war away from its territory, if war should come. If we struck a bargain with Russia on that basis, we should either have to break the bargain ourselves, or drive Germany straight into the arms of Russia and be much worse off than we are now.

So the idea of a neutral, disarmed Germany in the middle of the cold war is just a pipe-dream. In one way or another German rearmament must come. If we are foolish enough, we can wash our hands of it, and leave others to decide our fate for us, but short of that the only thing left is to do what all our allies have done, and begin to look for the safest possible method of getting Germany rearmed.

The method that some countries have accepted and others are arguing about is, of course, the European Defence Community. But if we put off any longer the search for the method we dislike least, we risk getting what we dislike most—unlimited, untrammelled German militarism all over again.—*Home Service*

Greece and the New Balkan Pact

By CLAUDE H. DEWHURST

I WAS recently accorded an interview by the Greek Prime Minister, Field-Marshal Papagos, and discussed with him the implications of the new Balkan Pact, more from a strategic than a political point of view. Asking him first how the military alliance would be finally ratified, he replied that each of the three participating countries would now, at once, set up a small committee of about four members to finalise the draft agreement. These drafts would be submitted to the respective Foreign Ministers, who meet in a month or so's time in Belgrade. The final text would, then, be handed to the council of Nato for approval.

I told the Field-Marshal that I had myself fought in Greece during the last war and now, on my return, was immediately struck by the great change for the better noticeable in the turn-out and equipment of the navy, of the army—and of the formerly almost non-existent air force. Also, in the last war, we had been Greece's only friends and could yet supply her with far less equipment than was vitally necessary, for lack of adequate preparation. We had, as a result, been jointly overwhelmed on the mainland.

He not only agreed, but said that the new pact would precisely ensure that the Balkan countries which still remained free would no longer be in a position to be snapped up piecemeal by an aggressor. Moreover, if it was Soviet strategy to assume the offensive on the outbreak of any war, then she had better think again now. A strong tripartite alliance, providing first-class local forces, with bases and airfields ready for reinforcements, would be a strong spear, aimed at Russia's soft underbelly if ever she assumed the offensive. Nor would Russia be able to rely on her satellite armies. No one, said the Field-Marshal, took Albania, for instance, very seriously, whilst the Bulgarian army, having suffered the dismissal and purge of its best officers, and with new cadres having had little experience of war, could not be considered a great threat on its own. Indeed, there were also political considerations to take in mind, for who in time of crisis could rely on the Bulgarians remaining faithful to Moscow's breed of com-

munist, and not defecting to a free, neighbouring *entente*? As regards the Soviet army, however, the Field-Marshal was in no delusions about its strength, and the nature of its possible intervention, he said, had been very carefully considered.

I questioned Field-Marshal Papagos about the equipment and training of his forces. With the equipment he was well satisfied though he hoped that a few more armoured vehicles would shortly arrive from America. Greece was, he nevertheless cautioned, not a tank-fighting country where large armoured divisions could roam at will. As regards training he said that until recently manoeuvres in all the three pact countries have hitherto looked inwards. Now they could look outwards. For instance narrow Thrace, and the nearby important port of Salonika (where Yugoslavia, incidentally, has a free zone visited by Tito) is now of joint concern, the Greeks looking east and the Turks looking west. Preconceived ideas for the defence of strategic Macedonia in northern Greece could now also be reassessed and planned in conjunction with the Yugoslavs. Even before the military alliance was ready for signature current military co-operation had been planned for Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia. Nato need in no way be involved if there were exercises with the Yugoslav armed forces.

Greek forces were now to be cut down somewhat for economic reasons, but only numerically. Equipment would, he hoped, continue to arrive, specialists would continue their training, whilst plans for swift mobilisation would go ahead, ensuring that Greece would never again be caught out in the initial stages of a war. It was thus in a way only a temporary reduction in size, not strength, and to this Nato had given approval. If war ever came they would be confident in the new power which the Balkan Pact gave them, and in the certainty of Nato's mighty arsenal and resources. I felt, as the Field-Marshal spoke these words, that even without allies and without good equipment there is no one who would say that, in the last war, the Greeks had not fought a mighty valiant struggle against the Italians and the Germans.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Aspects of the New Asia—I

IAN STEPHENS on the problem of water in West Pakistan

WHEN in West Pakistan a few weeks ago I was impressed afresh with an elementary fact about that country. How dry most of it is! How brown; how dusty! Camels everywhere; thorn-trees; sand. The earth sunbaked, and—except where irrigated—usually waterless, the winter or spring skies nearly always a hard, cloudless blue. On your cheek, no dampness in the moving air; no mild oceanic caress. Air harshly exhilarating, indeed bracing; but you might almost say hollow, with no soft weight of contained moisture in it at all.

I knew the feel of this before, of course; it was familiar—pleasantly so. West Pakistan lies at the eastern edge of the world's biggest arid region, that huge strange sterile belt, girdling a third of the globe,



A dried-up irrigation canal in the north-east corner of Bahawalpur State, Pakistan. Here 60,000 acres of once productive land have been reduced to 'a miserable waste of shifting sand', owing to the cutting off by the Indians in 1948 of the water down the state distributary from Ferozepur District

which stretches from the edge of the Atlantic right across Africa; then across the Arabian countries; and then again on, through dry parts of Persia and Afghanistan, to remote central Asian deserts such as the Gobi. But, on this recent trip, the fact of West Pakistan's place on the margin of Indian abundance but not quite within it, on the desert-rim just beyond the usual limits of the full monsoon rains, struck me specially vividly, because of the kind of journey I was doing. I was *en route* between two islands, travelling from England to Ceylon and back, and Pakistan lay between. Halts were brief and I was travelling fast, by air—by Comets on the eastward route, before those lovely aircraft had to be grounded; and air travel, even in ordinary piston-engined aircraft, is so rapid that there is no time for your memories of the places you have just left to get blurred. So the travel contrasts may seem even sharper than they really are.

There had been months of grey-green England. Then the emplaning; glimpses of the blue Mediterranean; and then, all the way on, from the Lebanon eastwards, the landscape beneath us had been brown, desert-brown and almost sterile, 2,000 miles or more of it. It was brown at Karachi. It was still brown in Sind and Bahawalpur, during the trips I managed to make on the brief outward-bound Pakistani halt. Then

began the change. It was greener in Bombay; greener still, and sparkling from the pools and streams filled by fresh-fallen rain, as we flew on over southern peninsular India; greenest of all, amazingly, luxuriantly green, in Ceylon. And then the same sort of thing coming back: there I was again in brown, desert-fringed Karachi, with these two little verdant, ocean-lapped islands as the limits of my journey to west and east: both of them—Britain and Ceylon—lush, cloud-veiled, rain-soaked, caressed with soft sea-breezes, green; both utterly unlike the vast, subcontinental, barren dustiness that I found myself upon. I had never seen Pakistan in quite that way before.

But 'barren'? Pakistan? Not the right word, you may feel, for the most populous Moslem country in the world? Superficially, I suppose, no; but fundamentally, yes, quite the right word—for West Pakistan. Because 'barren' much of it once was, and would quickly become again, if not generously watered from the river-system that flows from the Himalaya and the Karakoram: the five mighty streams of the Punjab—Sutlej, Beas, Ravi, Chenab, Jhelum—and the even mightier Indus. Crops of a sort could be grown, as always; crops dependent on the chancy and meagre rainfall, and on wells; but nothing like the splendid, reliable crops of nowadays—the orderly fields of wheat and maize, of barley and millets, the lucrative exportable cotton, the sugar and tobacco, the fine oranges and mangoes and peaches, that are raised by the water coming along the many modern irrigation canals and distributaries, British-built and Pakistani-built. Rainfall and well-water would not suffice to raise food for a fraction of West Pakistan's present population. I imagine the annual fall over the whole area—a subtropical area exposed to fierce drying sunshine—does not average more than fifteen inches; and it is very irregular. In large parts of the plains it is less than ten. Without use of the rivers, starvation would result, and great acreages revert to desert.

The size of the population, too, is not fixed; it is growing frighteningly fast, like the population of most Asian countries—so much so that, last year, the Pakistanis were brought up against the implications of this growth with a most disconcerting bump. They suddenly found themselves, owing to various governmental bunglings and unforeseen natural mishaps, and a further factor that I will touch on in a



'Iron Curtain' between the two Punjabs: railway line on the Indo-Pakistan frontier, with the signal permanently at 'stop' and the metals removed. No traffic has passed since soon after Partition in 1947

Photographs: Ian Stephens

moment, on the brink apparently of a famine, and had to accept emergency gifts of wheat from America. And the great rivers on which the Pakistanis' agricultural production depends are not wholly theirs. The upper reaches, including even a sector of the Indus, flow either through India proper or through Indian-held Kashmir. The frontiers of 1947-48 in fact slice most haphazardly across them, and across the associated irrigation-system which, in the British days, was a well-knit unit; and it is obviously unlikely, while the two countries remain so bitterly estranged—about Kashmir, refugee property, and other disputed matters—that the vital crop-raising waters, flowing along the canals near the frontiers, will be distributed in a manner, and in amounts, that both think fair.

There has been Indo-Pakistani quarrelling about water distribution, and about the construction of new irrigation works, almost since Partition, six-and-a-half years ago. The Indians on their side point out—as they are justified in doing—that the portion of the Punjab which passed to them at Partition, the East Punjab, was always in British times under-irrigated by comparison with West Punjab, which passed to Pakistan; and that this East Punjab, and the adjacent areas of Rajasthan and Delhi, are full of Hindu and Sikh refugees, who fled from West Punjab at Partition time, and who have had to be rehabilitated; and they go on to say—though this may be legally more questionable—that any government worth the name would be entitled, in such circumstances, to employ waters which actually flow through its territories for the help of its own people.

The Pakistanis say that the number of Moslems who fled at Partition time into Pakistan from East Punjab is even greater than that of the Hindus and Sikhs who moved the other way; that these people too, have been in great need of rehabilitation; that the main reason why what is now Pakistani Punjab, or West Punjab, was better irrigated than East Punjab in British times was because it required irrigation more owing to its rainfall being less; and that it is a recognised 'international wrong'—that is quoted from a protest they made to the United Nations in 1950—for any upstream user, by reducing water supplies which flow along an established irrigation system, to convert into sterility its downstream neighbour's acres, made fertile at much cost and labour.

Apart from actual stoppages, they contend that there has been major diminution of the supplies, amounting at times—as, for instance, when they were nearly plunged into famine last year—to thirty per cent. or more; and that, besides, there is malicious tampering, probably without the Delhi Government's knowledge, on the part of local officials on the Indian side, who reduce the water-flow just at the critical growing seasons when crops must have water if good yields are to be had.

It would be hazardous, on any outsider's part, to seek to follow the two Governments through the maze of allegation and rebuttal on these particular aspects of the controversy. Perhaps the Pakistanis sometimes overstate their case. But it is a fact that the Indians have, in places, stopped water supplies completely down certain canals, and the results are very hideous to see. You can see them, for example, as I did a few weeks ago, in the north-east corner of Bahawalpur State, where 60,000 formerly productive acres have been totally deprived of water down what is called the State Distributary from Ferozepur District—I was told for six years—and are now reduced to a miserable waste of shifting sand. Or you could have seen them, as I unhappily did, too, on a very much bigger, temporary scale in the Lahore District and elsewhere during the spring of 1948, when, far and wide, the young crops stood shrivelling and yellowed under the strong sun, because of a general cessation of water, for five weeks, in all the main canals coming across the border: 5,000,000 acres are said to have been affected then.

That was an exceptional episode, instigated at a very impassioned

time by the Provincial Government of East Punjab, and put an end to, firmly, by the Government in Delhi. Naturally it has left its imprint on Pakistanis' minds. But their main fear, I think, is not so much about troubles of this sort recurring immediately, as about two long-term dangers, of a profounder kind, which they think they discern; arising, first, from the durability of the Nehru Government, and second, from the actual scope of India's new irrigation works.

With regard to Pandit Nehru: wrong-headed, unjust, and exasperating though Pakistanis consider him to be about the Kashmir dispute, many of them also sincerely admire him in other spheres as a high-minded and outstanding statesman, genuinely non-communal in outlook, and therefore not basically unfriendly to Moslems, and incapable of condoning policies which he felt to be unprincipled or inhumane. They do not think, therefore, that so long as he holds power in Delhi, there will be large-scale attempts to reconvert the canal colonies of West Pakistan into desert by malicious water-reductions, that is to say by reductions for which there is, in his view, no justification in real Indian needs. But how long will he hold power? Though he astounds everyone by his energy and resilience, he is not young. Who will take over after him? Will it in effect be one man, as now, or a group? Will the Indian Central Government's authority weaken, allowing greater latitude of action to the Provinces? These questions are unanswerable, and many besides Pakistanis find them baffling. Perhaps there is no puzzle in present-day Asian affairs more curious—because of the almost autocratic pre-eminence which Mr. Nehru, certainly a democrat at heart, has attained among his countrymen.

The other Pakistani fear, as I have mentioned, springs from the dimensions of India's irrigation schemes, notably the Bhakra-Nangal undertaking in East Punjab. A difficulty here is ignorance. Neither country feels sure what the other is up to; and the frontier between the two Punjabs is still a sort of Iron Curtain, across which—absurd, little-known fact!—not a single regular passenger railway service has yet been re-established since Partition. But from what is known or guessed of the Indian projects—the particulars published in the Five-Year Plan, the reports of great canals to carry away the Sutlej-Beas waters south towards Rajasthan, or of the new headworks at Harike, capable of outflanking and drying up a whole group of canals in West Punjab—Pakistanis have been left in no doubt that gradual diversion of much water entering their country is inevitable. Special alarm has been felt about prospects for Montgomery District and the upper half of Bahawalpur State, irrigated from the Suleimanki headworks, and wholly dependent on the Sutlej-Beas waters. Efforts to offset the apparent certainty of heavy water-loss are now being made by constructing diversion-canals from the Chenab and the Ravi.

Much of this activity, however, on both sides, need never have happened, if only the two successor-states to the British Raj had become reasonably friendly. Pakistani water-engineers, with whom I travelled, assured me that, if the development of the Indus basin could be treated simply as a technical problem, and got away from politics, a mutually beneficial arrangement should be perfectly feasible, granted the finance—and the World Bank, to which the controversy was referred about two years ago, might see to that. More than ample water, they emphasise, comes down the Indus basin to satisfy the needs of every cultivator. What is wanted is a co-ordinated plan for building big dams in the Himalayan foothills, to impound the huge surplus that now runs to waste during the three monsoon months. If, however, one country goes ahead with schemes of its own, out of step with the other, and regardless of local consequences beyond the frontier, then confusion and suffering are unavoidable.

(continued on page 1057)



Punjabi peasants at a village fair in West Pakistan

Ian Stephens

The Hydrogen Bomb—IV

The Political Problem

By the Rt. Hon. C. R. ATTLEE, O.M.

IN my view, we face today a new situation in the history of the world. The broad fact is that scientists, working under the direction of governments, have evolved a weapon which is capable of destroying the great cities of the world or, if not of destroying them, at least of putting them out of action. It has been stated that the bomb that was discharged in the Pacific would put out of action the metropolitan area of New York City; that is a very great extent. It could devastate Moscow, Paris, Sydney, or any other of the great cities of the world. Besides this, it is clear that the area of danger in the explosion of these bombs is very great. In fact, it would appear that whole regions can be made unsafe for human beings, animals, and perhaps also for vegetation.

It appears that this new instrument of destruction can be made far greater even than the bomb that was exploded recently and it can be made in quantity. We do not know how far these effects may spread. Further, the means of delivery of these weapons by aeroplane or by rocket are constantly being improved. The range is being extended, the height at which aeroplanes can fly is being raised, and the means of defence lag behind. We know that the United States of America has this weapon; we believe that the U.S.S.R. has this weapon, and in a few years it may be that many other states will have this weapon. We do not know what other developments may be in store for us.

Vulnerable Targets

Our modern civilisation expresses itself particularly in the great cities—the cities of 1,000,000, or of 2,000,000, 3,000,000 or more inhabitants. They offer targets of immense vulnerability. We have great industrial areas and they are today exposed to destruction by a single blow. We have reached a culminating point in the development of warfare. At one time, war was waged between armed forces, and the suffering of the civilian population was generally incidental. Sometimes there were deliberate ravages and blockades, but broadly speaking the attack was directed by one lot of armed forces against another. We have travelled a long way since then. Attack on the civilian population has now become primary. Consider the changes in our lifetime. I can remember the South African War. We can trace the changes up through other wars, first the Great War and then the second Great War. All the time the restrictions on warfare have been steadily evaded. About forty years ago, the kind of action that was taken in the last war would have been thought absolutely abhorrent to civilised people, yet it is less than forty years since the zeppelins were over London. See what a long way we have travelled since then.

Let us consider the effect of this invention. Does it make war more, or less, likely? The question merits close examination. It is contended that the existence of this weapon will itself prevent war. It is said that the existence of the atom bomb or hydrogen bomb in the hands of the United States was a deterrent, preventing the U.S.S.R., with its great superiority in numbers and conventional weapons, from sweeping right over Europe in a major act of aggression. It may be so. But as soon as the U.S.S.R. got their atom bomb the force of that deterrent was lessened. There was the certainty of retaliation, and, what is more, the possibility of anticipation. The whole position has changed.

There are those who contend that the possession of the hydrogen bomb can be an instrument for preserving peace. It is suggested that the threat of instant retaliation by the use of this weapon can be employed to prevent a resort to armed action anywhere. I believe that this is a profound delusion. The more absolute the sanction the greater the reluctance to use it. Suppose an act of aggression took place now in some part of the world, say on the Burmese border, by China. Can one imagine the immediate use of the hydrogen bomb against the capital city of another country? It would amount to a bluff. The danger of a bluff is that it may be called. Therefore, although we may have this sanction, I do not think that it will by itself prevent wars. Indeed, there is a danger that people may chance making war in the belief that the weapon will not be used. The threat of its use is very dangerous because it may provoke anticipation.

I cannot think of any democratic statesman initiating this warfare. One must always remember the difference between democracies and authoritarian states. The advantage of unexpected, immediate action is always with authoritarian states. The attack on the American Fleet by the Japanese is one example. We could not imagine a similar unnotified attack by the United States of America against the Japanese Fleet.

Absolute War Means Any Weapon

Another suggestion is that hydrogen and atomic bomb warfare is so devastating that neither side will ever resort to it. I should like to believe it. The fact is that once there is war, absolute war, in the modern age, and if the existence of a nation is at stake, any weapon will be used in the last resort. We have seen it. I have said that we have been compelled to use weapons that we would not have thought of using forty years ago. Who can doubt, after reading *Hitler's Last Days*, that even at the very end of that war, if Hitler had had an atom bomb, he would have used it, even if there had been the possibility of retaliation? He was completely reckless and anarchistic. He would rather have seen destruction. He would rather have seen absolute destruction if he had failed to get his end.

The danger here is that in the use of this weapon there is obviously immense advantage for the side that gets its blow in first. It would be a terrible decision for any leader to take to launch this weapon. I recall, as many of us can, the fateful days of 1914, when peace and war hung in the balance. Eventually, there was mobilisation on both sides, and the fact that mobilisation had started prevented any settlement, for each side was afraid of the other side getting ahead. If that was so with ground forces, it would be doubly so in the case of the hydrogen bomb. Any recourse to war may lead to its use. Great wars often spring out of small wars. A further thought to be borne in mind in imagining that the existence of the hydrogen bomb makes for safety is that it predicates sanity on the part of those who have it in control. In the history of the Roman Empire there were a number of lunatic emperors. We have only recently seen a great nation, Germany, put all its resources into the hands of a paranoiac. There is no guarantee that in a country at some time there might not rise to power a fanatic who hated the human race and believed that all civilisation should be destroyed.

What is to be done? I see that the Western Powers are seeking to activate the Disarmament Committee of the United Nations. I welcome that, and we all wish it every success, but I have not a great deal of faith in the banning of particular weapons, for the reasons I have already stated. The hydrogen bomb is, I agree, a thing almost of itself, but then there is atomic energy in its various forms. The banning of one weapon exalts another, and so on down the scale, each time with perhaps a different balance of advantage to different states. Even when we come right down to the primitive weapons of our ancestors, there is still the question of numbers.

'What Fools ...'

I suppose that most of us in our time have read of the great civilisations of the past, and reading with a knowledge of the event we say, 'What fools these people were not to realise what was happening'—the rival emperors struggling for power in a Roman Empire with the barbarians ready to break in and usher in those centuries which we call the Dark Ages. Great civilisations have been destroyed, sometimes from internal weaknesses, sometimes from external attacks. The Roman Empire came down through the forces of the uncivilised world. The destructive force today is something which we have ourselves made, and it is operating in a one-world civilisation more closely linked than ever before. Would not a visitor from another planet say just the same of us, 'What fools to keep quarrelling in face of this danger'?

Russia is engaged in building up her social system and an economy, which we do not like, very different from our own. It is not our way of life, but it is their concern. We in the west have our way of life, our different economies, and we do not wish to see them destroyed. But

the threat that we meet hangs over democracies and autocracies alike—communist countries, socialist countries, semi-socialist countries, capitalist countries, all are exposed to danger; and unless there is some change I believe that the danger of world-destruction is very real. The forces of destruction will keep piling up. We cannot stop these things. It may be that the knowledge of how to make these weapons may get more and more extended. Incidents leading to war continue; the burden of armaments presses on the nations and causes impatience.

The world today cannot afford to have any more wars. The only way open to us seems to be to make a new approach to world problems with the consciousness of this great danger. After all, all other problems are really dwarfed by this. But I do not think it can be done just by discussing weapons. One must discuss causes. Inevitably there must be a real effort to effect some understanding, to live and to let live. If all the peoples of the world realise this great danger they must take action to avoid it. They must realise how small, in comparison to this, are

squabbles about bits of territory and the like. Those things can be settled if there is the will to settle them. But everything depends on acceptance of the need for toleration and upon the renunciation of all attempts to force particular creeds on other people. I believe that democratic socialism will succeed on its own merits. If the Russian communists and the American capitalists have as strong a faith as I have, they will believe that in due time their views will be accepted everywhere, but until then they must accept the fact that other people have different ideas.

The time has come to make the United Nations organisation a reality and to realise the high hopes entertained at San Francisco. This must mean a gradual renunciation of the idea of absolute sovereignty and the building up of international organisations. It means, too, that the ideal of dreamers of the past has become the necessity of the atomic present. Civilisation can be saved, but only if the peoples of the world are roused to action.—*European Service*

Ten Years Back: The Normandy Landings

By ALASTAIR BORTHWICK

YOU take a risk when you ask any man to reminisce about the year 1944: he is apt just to go on and on. 1944 was a year which, with any luck and God willing, will never happen to any of us again; the kind of year you tell your grandchildren about; a year when, day and daily, things happened to you which were against reason and against nature. It was thoroughly unpleasant, but it does make all the other years seem a little colourless. And so, when we talk about it we do tend to ramble on.

There is no point in telling you what happened, because you know what happened. What I want to do is to remember the small things, the personal things which at this distance of time bring back the flavour of it all. For example, coming out of the line in the Normandy bridgehead.

If you were in the line anywhere near where we were, you just hung on for week after week, while miles out of sight behind you the preparations went on for the break-out: the landing of supplies and so forth. You knew nothing about that. You didn't think in terms of miles, or of any unit bigger than your own battalion. You had a little hole in the ground—it was your dearest possession—and you could see hardly any distance at all for the trees and hedgerows, and the Germans were dug in only 200 yards away. Every now and then a shell came over—or a lot of shells if Jerry was feeling liverish—and every twenty minutes, Jerry being a methodical sort of chap, a group of five mortar bombs fell at the crossroads at the end of the field. We were there, or in places like it, for seven weeks without relief; and every day we lost four or five men wounded or killed. Indeed, it is perfectly true to say that for the whole seven weeks there was never a moment when any one of us could not have been killed.

Now here is the point: we were perfectly at home there. We were not unduly alarmed. So adaptable is the human mind, that it can make itself believe almost anything, and we came to accept this existence as normal. We paid no more attention to those mortar bombs on the crossroads than you would to a clock striking. We were not consciously living under strain at all . . . until, that is, the day when we were told we were coming out for a rest. Strain? Suddenly it hit us. Suddenly, click, the old gears re-engaged and we remembered what normality really was. Waiting for the relief trucks to arrive became intolerable. Shells had been something like the weather, but now, once more, they were things which could kill you. We felt, as the trucks lined up to take us away, that if those mortar bombs fell just once more it would be too much.

I would put that fairly high among what you might call the background things of 1944—the quite astonishing adaptability of people to circumstances. It was a bad year, but it was seldom as bad as it ought to have been. It's that sort of thing I'm after, those incidents you remember not because they were turning points in the war or anything like that, but because for us they *were* the war; the essence of those preposterous days in 1944 when the landings had been made in Normandy and the German army was in retreat.

I wonder if you remember some of the sights and smells of that time. Remember the air bombardment before we took Caen, with the aircraft coming in so low you could see the bombs drifting down out of them like milt out of a salmon? Remember some of those Norman villages—the ones right up front which were deserted, with the walls down, and pigs rooting among the furniture, and hens plastered on the walls like pats of mud? You always found private soldiers on the prowl there. Not looking for Germans: looking for eggs. Remember the pattern mortar bombs made in the corn, down on the Orne plain, around Caen, every stalk radiating exactly from the centre, neat as the crown on the back of a man's head? Remember the cows, so very vulnerable, so very dead? A cow is too big to take cover. I suppose they were really the trademark of the war in Europe. They lay in the fields in thousands all the way from Normandy to Hamburg.

Nineteen-forty-four: to me it was first of all that business of waiting for D-Day, a whole nation poised as it were on the brink, everybody knowing it was going to happen and nobody, except a very few indeed in the Services, knowing exactly where or when. Remember the tremendous expectancy of that time?

When I say a very few in the Services I do mean a very few. *We* didn't know, an infantry battalion going in on D-Day plus one. *We* were in a sealed camp in the south of England, like all the other battalions, a little circle of barbed wire with our tents inside it. Next door was another battalion, and another, and another. The whole countryside was like a honeycomb, a network of little sealed compartments, and if you went sick they even sent you to a sealed hospital. And then one day they opened the wire in our camp, and put the officers in trucks, and drove them to another sealed camp; and when we got there, there was more barbed wire and a sentry. We showed our identity cards and went in. Inside was another circle of wire and another sentry, and we showed our cards and went inside that. And inside was a third circle of wire, and in the middle of it, fifty yards from the nearest sentry, was a big black hut. We went in.

There were huge maps on the walls, hand-drawn. The men who had drawn them had already been in sealed camps for six weeks. This, we thought, was it. This was it, at last. At last, we were going to know where it was to be. And then we looked at the names on the maps. Some of us were to land on a beach called Nan, and others on one called Mary. There was a little river, labelled Mississippi, and the town beyond it was Cape Town. The village by the beach was Calcutta. All names faked. None of them meaning anything, and the maps themselves drawn to such an enormous scale that they covered very little ground . . . only a mile or so of coast, with nothing on it you could place. That morning we received exact orders of what we were to do when we landed, and could see from the map how we were to carry them out, but as to where we were going—France, Belgium, Holland—it was anyone's guess. And we never did know where we were going until they issued proper maps to us on board ship, half way between England and France.

Looking back, that was probably the most remarkable thing in 1944, that the D-Day secret was kept. And, looking back, I can still remember the feel of being in the honeycomb, of wondering when, of wondering where, at the same time admiring and being exasperated by the vast machinery of secrecy which had us all caught up in it. Camp S.6, I remember, we sailed from—one of thousands.

Then, the fighting in the bridgehead. What can one say? Odd things jump into the mind without any context. Flame-throwing tanks waddling into action: the squirt, the great orange ball of flame, men running. A German sitting outside his trench after the flame throwers had passed, bawling aimlessly like an animal, stark mad. The Pole leading the column of Sherman tanks. He popped his head out of the hatch and shouted to me: 'A Paris! I keel two for you!' and trundled down the road to his death two fields away. The way in which, in action, ten hours could go like ten minutes and leave you utterly, utterly spent, and next morning when you woke up you felt you'd been gone over systematically with a club. Digging in under fire. Remember that? Digging desperately, falling flat on your face when a burst came near, then up again and dig once more . . . have you ever worked faster or harder in your life? For your life? For a little scoop, just eighteen inches deep, that would keep your rump under? A flight of pigeons going up when the barrage started. Cordite fumes hanging about the hedgerows like cigarette smoke in a room. Noise and confusion and a sinking in the stomach, and plodding on. Passing the corpses of patrols killed nights before the battle and still lying out there. Then, the crump of grenades as the battle is joined. Germans coming out with their hands up. Calls for stretcher-bearers. A dead man you think is a friend, and the relief when you see he isn't. More confusion. And then, when it is all over, the—how can I put it?—the impersonality, the emptiness of the dead. So much effort to achieve these . . . you can only call them things. One averted the mind from the wounded, but one accepted the dead. They weren't people, not then, at the time. The bridgehead: I could talk for days about the bridgehead. Anybody could.

The Breakout

The other big thing was the breakout. Once again, you know what happened. What I'm after is what it felt like, and that you could put quite clearly in three words. We were tired. We were more tired than we had ever been in our lives before or in all probability ever will be again. The German army was on the run, but they had to be kept on the run. And to do that we had to run ourselves: no time for reconnaissance. Bash on until you hit something. Every day for ten days we fought one action and sometimes two. Most people averaged two hours' sleep a night, and lucky to get it. Advance until fired upon; jack up an attack; attack; consolidate; move on again—every day for ten days. On the last day I saw men marching in their sleep, and that is not a figure of speech but the sober truth. They slept until the man in front stopped and they bumped into him. And then suddenly there were no Germans at all, and the way was open through Belgium and Holland.

The odd things come back to me from that time. Lying flat on my face in an orchard with machine-gun bullets flying through the branches overhead and showers of apples falling on us. The prisoner who surrendered to our padre and pleaded for his life thinking we shot our prisoners: a little weeping German with the tears running down into the bristles of his chin, unbelievably dirty, clutching photographs of his wife and children; and all the time the padre trying to make him understand he was safe. At last the padre drew himself up and thumped himself on the chest and roared: 'Ich bin Pastor, you silly man, Ich bin Pastor!' and led him away like a lamb.

A prisoner I questioned in the middle of a fight, trying to find out from him how many of his friends we were up against, a fearful unshaven ruffian with no neck, precious little forehead, and arms dangling around his knees, the dead spit of the villain in the early Chaplin films—the one in the striped jersey. After a fearful struggle in three languages he managed to convey to me, with a child-like smile on his ugly face, that he had been in England once—at the Boy Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead! When I said I'd been there too he nearly wept with pleasure.

And then, eventually, when we had slept at last, the liberation: fighting your way through villages against mayors trying to make speeches and little girls presenting bunches of flowers. Banners across the streets with 'God Save the King' and 'Welcome to our Brave Liberators' on them. Crowds of cheering people, your truck full of roses, your steel helmet tipped over your nose and marks of lipstick behind your ears. The boasts about prisoners taken by the young men of

the Resistance as the Germans fled: 'We have taken five, M'sieur, five in the woods. In Beau Soleil, a place of no importance, they have only two, very small'. Liberation: wonderfully touching, wonderfully exciting; something to remember all your life.

All that in three months. Three months only, from the landings to the liberation. It was a long year, was 1944. There were still the Channel ports, and Holland, and the Ardennes. I can't possibly cover them all. But Holland: the Dutch were good people. I'll tell you a story about one of them, something I remember specially from that year. It's about an eighteen-year-old Dutch boy called Piet van Osch, from the village of Schijndel in North Brabant. We called him Peter. He drifted in one day and said he wanted to be my interpreter, and as I didn't have two words of Dutch I took him. He was a very good lad, and I hope he got the medal he was recommended for when the war was over. When he joined us first his village was still behind the German lines, and he kept telling us about the hospitality his people would give us when we liberated the place. One day we advanced, and in the evening I heard that it was clear of Germans, so I told Hughie MacLeod, my sergeant, to run him across to see his father and mother. And off they went. They came back two hours later, and as soon as I saw them I knew something was wrong. Hughie was looking grim. Peter was pink and his eyes were shining.

'It was hellish', said Hughie. 'The whole place was flat. Ay, our artillery. His folk aren't hurt, but . . . och, they're in a cellar with half a roof to it. Their house is gone. They've lost everything'.

'It was necessary', said Peter.

Hughie looked at the ground. 'Flat it was, absolutely flat. The house and everything'. None of us knew quite what to say. 'His mother wasn't for letting him back', said Hughie, 'But his father says: "Peter, what do you want to do?" and Peter says: "I want to go with them, father". And the old man says: "That is good. I am proud". So he came back with me'.

'There were only fifty Germans in the village', said Peter. 'It was much damage for fifty Germans. But it was necessary. I say to you it was necessary'. He stayed with us until we were into Germany.

Snippets, snippets. What else can you expect from a year like 1944? The awful shelling at Le Havre, when our wood, 150 yards square, had 300 shells between midnight and dawn and we couldn't get the stretchers back through the minefield; men dying and we couldn't get them back. The thousand vehicles trying to cross the last bridge over the River Vie, jam-packed and unable to move at more than a mile an hour, and the German guns ranged down to the last yard. The three drinks the Jocks had in the bridgehead, 'Ben', 'Cal', and 'Cog'—Benedictine, Calvados, and Cognac. Lining up in the dark for night attacks. The water rising in the fields after they blew the dykes on us on Nijmegen Island.

Above all, the infinite adaptability of the British soldier; that enormous patience you used to see as they moved down to the start-line—the column trudging along resignedly in the darkness, heads down, steel helmets and rifle muzzles making a frieze against the night sky; the occasional longer gap between two men where a stretcher was being carried, the wireless operators stooping forward against the weight of their sets; a column immensely patient, almost apathetic, storing up nervous energy for the demands of the night. And that was the most wonderful thing of all in 1944, that they did it, again and again.

I think I'll leave the last word with Private Harrison, a Cockney in our very Highland battalion. Harrison was the eternal private soldier. At Le Havre we had to lay white tape through the minefield so that the others could follow us in the dark, and Harrison was carrying the tape. He was smothered and festooned in the stuff, his rifle immobilised and his hands full, in the poorest possible shape to fight if we bumped trouble. There were still some Germans where he was going. He came up to me in the dusk, the very picture of resignation, and said: I don't mind if they give you a *chawnce*, sir', and trudged off into the minefield.—Home Service

Birthday Honours

We offer our congratulations to Mr. A. Stewart, Controller, Home Service, who becomes a C.B.E.; to Mr. J. A. Camacho, Head of European Productions, who receives the O.B.E.; to Miss J. Bradnock, Make-up and Wardrobe Manager, Television, Mr. F. N. Calver, Engineer-in-Charge, Daventry, Mr. J. E. H. Forty, Duty Officer, and Miss N. Pidding, Assistant, Drama Booking Section, each of whom becomes an M.B.E.; and to Mr. L. C. Crowe, Chief Studio Attendant, who receives the B.E.M.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

Our American Visitors

WITH the tourist season in full swing, Miss Mary McCarthy's talk entitled 'Thoughts of an American in England' (it will be found on another page) should be of particular interest. English readers may consider some of her observations a little surprising. In her experience the man in the street, the man in the restaurant or the railway car stiffens when he hears American voices 'as if he were suddenly aware of the ticking of an infernal machine inside a harmless-looking parcel of flesh'. Is this, one wonders, a common experience among visiting Americans? The Englishman whose ears prick up in favourable response when he hears an American voice—is he extinct? Or again, when Miss McCarthy suggests that the future is 'much more nervously present' to us in England than it is to the Americans in their country, one may be forgiven for wondering how far this is really the fact. If there is one characteristic more commonly attributed to us as a people than another it is surely our general sense of unpreparedness for eventualities, our habit of procrastinating (in our civil defence precautions, for example) and of assuming that if and when the worst happens we shall muddle through all right. Have not the Americans the reputation over here of being much more efficient in such matters, of living in all respects more up-to-date lives?

But, coming to the substance of the question, what does this unpopularity or alleged unpopularity of the Americans in England really amount to? The causes of it are traced to a variety of sources. Foremost perhaps among those sources is the relative economic position and standards of our two countries and the sensitivities that, human nature being what it is, are thereby engendered. These sensitivities no doubt play a large part in forming the background against which certain American traits (including a not uncommon addiction to sartorial vivacity) are viewed and sometimes over-magnified by that mythical character, the average Englishman. More generally, there is the instinctive though often unconscious feeling that we in these islands have about foreigners. When John de Stogumber, letting himself go in the presence of the Earl of Warwick, spoke in moving terms of his country and of the 'parcel of foreigners' who were threatening to defeat it, he was striking a note that—pace our genuine devotion to international causes—finds an echo in the hearts of the great majority of Englishmen. Yet while in the strict sense Americans are foreigners, we do not think of them as such. Can it be, then, that since we do not regard them as foreigners we expect them to behave, as well as to think, as we do, and consequently are apt to get a little upset when we find that this is not always the case? If so, the fault lies with us for not recognising a difference of outlook which is as real as it is natural.

The Americans have the greatest technological civilisation in the world. Of course they are proud of it: how shouldn't they be? But when Miss McCarthy speaks of the American idealisation of England as 'a kind of self-dislike and a confession of despair', she is, it seems, revealing an inner weakness not merely of American civilisation but of any civilisation not firmly rooted in the things of the spirit. Mr. Adlai Stevenson was reported recently as wondering if his nation was not falling into a spirit of materialism of which the result was 'a moral and religious vacuum', and 'if we are not in greater danger of becoming robots than slaves'. That is a warning we may all of us take to heart. If we do, we shall find ourselves face to face with a disease that is threatening to afflict the whole of the western world and of which American unpopularity in this country, if it exists, can be conceived of as nothing but a symptom—one trusts a passing symptom.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Paris and Geneva

AS A RESULT of the French political crisis, many western commentators indulged in gloomy prophecies about its effect on the Geneva Conference, the situation in Indo-China, and the prospects for E.D.C. On the eve of the vote of confidence, the Liberal *Stockholms-Tidningen* was quoted for the view that the Russians had been successful in playing on French public opinion and linking the problem of south-east Asia with that of the European Army:

If the Laniel Government loses its vote of confidence tomorrow, we may be sure of one thing: the next French government will not have ratification of E.D.C. on its programme. This would be one more victory for the Soviet Union.

The Swedish newspaper *Expressen* was quoted for the belief that for Moscow a much more immediately important objective than an armistice in Indo-China or a settlement in Korea, was that France should have a government opposed to E.D.C. Broadcasts from Moscow last week certainly played up this opposition to E.D.C., while at the same time extolling the attractions of the Soviet proposal for 'an all-European collective security system'. From France itself, many newspapers deplored the political crisis at this juncture. On the subject of the Geneva Conference, a number of newspapers considered Molotov's latest speech so intransigent that they asked whether its purpose was to bring the conference to an end. The Catholic Conservative *Le Figaro* was quoted for this view of the long-term objective of Soviet policy:

The purpose is to separate Asia from Europe in order to weaken the eastern complement and gradually convert the Asian countries into Soviet satellites—such as Indo-China would have long been but for the bloody and costly effort of France. Treaties can be signed, armistice agreements outlined, but the aim of Soviet policy remains the same.

Le Figaro was also quoted for the following rather bitter comment:

The most elementary rule in foreign policy is the co-ordination of diplomacy and strategy. The Soviets have applied this rule by the subjugation of Dien Bien Phu to coincide with the Geneva Conference. British preparations for the conference consisted in repeating twice a week that nothing would be done until the conference ended. As for the Americans, they have shown their indecision by making frequent and contradictory statements.

The left-wing independent *Franc-Tireur* called for a declaration, both at Geneva and in Paris, that the independence and sovereignty which France has promised to Indo-China has not been accorded to Bao Dai, but to Viet-Nam which will choose its own government after free elections. The newspaper was quoted as adding:

Such a declaration would remove the main purpose for which the Viet-Minh claims to be fighting. France must also declare that she will withdraw her expeditionary force once the parliaments of the Indo-Chinese people have been established.

From the U.S.A., the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted for the view (widely held by commentators in the free world) that Molotov's latest speech had gone far to convince western diplomats that the chances of achieving peace in Indo-China were now more remote than ever. Similarly, a number of western commentators shared the view of many American newspapers that the communists are interested in dragging out the Geneva Conference, using it as a propaganda forum while they step up their military campaign.

The *Washington Post and Times Herald* saw one positive achievement in the indications of a significant change of opinion among the non-communist Asian countries:

Among the uncommitted Asian countries there is less talk of colonialism as such and more recognition of the menace of communist imperialism. Beginning with the Colombo meeting, a distinctly more wary note has crept into the statements of Prime Minister Nehru; and the American Ambassador to India has predicted that India might join a defence alliance if she felt Asians were taking the lead. Similarly in Burma, the Minister of Industries told a recent Asian socialist conference that 'the Soviet type of imperialism is perhaps even more degrading and even more dangerous' than the old type of colonialism. These are small straws in the wind. . . . They may indicate, however, that Asian countries would take a friendly view of a defence alliance, and even of military intervention in Indo-China, provided that the reasonable possibilities of settlement were exhausted at Geneva. In this respect the patience of British Foreign Minister Eden in sounding out Asian opinion may have done a useful service, in spite of the delays it has entailed.

Did You Hear That?

REMEMBERING ST. CEDD

THE PEOPLE of the little village of Lavingham in North Yorkshire have been busy for the past few weeks getting ready to celebrate what is for them an important anniversary. It is just 1,300 years since their local church was founded. They presented a play last week, specially written to tell the history of Lavingham. YVONNE ADAMSON spoke in 'The Eye-witness' of this play and the church where it was performed.

'Lavingham is a remote village on the edge of the North Yorkshire moors', she said. 'It is tiny. It has a population of less than 200, and practically all roads into it drop down from heather uplands, like spider's threads. Red roofs, the many greens of big trees, wood smoke curving upwards, the church on its slight eminence—that is what I saw below me as I approached.

'It is the story of the monastery built here by St. Cedd that is the scene of the play. Cedd and his brothers were pupils of St. Aidan and the Celtic Church at Lindisfarne. Cedd took Christianity to the east Saxons; Chad, his brother, to the pagan Midlands. It was while St. Cedd was travelling to Lindisfarne from the south that King Ethelwald gave him these lands at Lavingham in A.D. 654; it was in this monastery that Cedd died and was buried. Chad, his brother, took his place. Years later, fierce pagan Danes razed Saxon Lavingham to the ground; the Normans in their turn revered the spot and built the fine church, with its unique crypt, to the right of whose altar Cedd is buried.

'This church makes a wonderful setting for the play which takes place under the sweeping round chancel arch and directly above the remains of the saint. The players are the villagers of Lavingham, and of little places round about. They come from many denominations, from many walks of life. A gardener plays the forceful Cedd, a village joiner plays his brother Chad, a bee farmer leaves his hives to take on the garb of an early saint, a schoolmaster becomes St. Aidan. Bright-eyed children fresh from school act the parts of students, or dance round a pagan well which has just been sanctified. St. Hilda—played by a villager who runs a guest house—bids Caedman sing the beginning of all created things, for her abbey at Whitby had associations with Lavingham.

'The producer wisely encouraged the actors to use their own dialect speech, a dialect which has in it, I am told, much of the speech of the early, destroying Danes: Danish echoes in a story of Saxon saints of the Celtic Church, played out in a Norman shrine. It was this, I think, that made watching this play such a moving experience for me, for the actors are the people whose lives spring chiefly from all these sources, people of twentieth-century England, the people of Lavingham'.

HOLLYWOOD LEGEND

PETER USTINOV, who is now making a film in Los Angeles, recorded these impressions of the city for the General Overseas Service:

'Geographically, Los Angeles is a huge town, and it is not a pretty town. Its development has been violent and chaotic, so that there is no civic personality whatever in these suburbs devoted to the art of the moving picture. Roads wind

their own hectic and endless way in arbitrary directions, while the house numbers leap five, six, ten, or eleven numbers at a time. To give you an example, the number of my apartment is 10374, my neighbour on one side has the number 10371, while, for some mysterious reason, my other neighbour, who has a residence quite as large as mine, suffers with number 10374½. The houses, in a variety of styles, from mock Moorish



St. Mary's Church, Lavingham—

to mock Tudor, are interspersed with enormous used-car lots.

'At this point I must be careful not to give the impression that life is unpleasant. On the contrary, it is very pleasant indeed. And, to anyone from England it even satisfies a certain nostalgia. There are many mornings when vision is restricted by a deep, lifeless fog, and it is on these mornings that one forgets all about the sunny California of the travel posters and believes oneself to be in Uxbridge or in Slough. Any trace of homesickness vanishes. Domestic life is gracious, and the standard of living immensely high. This goes for the cost of living also. The daily help—my daily help—arrives by car, a little thirty-horsepower V.8 runabout, which is easy to park, measuring a mere twenty feet in length, and works with great gusto, more gusto, I must admit, than most daily helps I have ever encountered in England. But then, with the need for new tyres, the summer respray, and that carburettor adjustment, there is certainly more incentive to work over here.

'Hollywood parties, those celebrated institutions which so frequently, according to hearsay, end up in romance or in tragedy, are in fact surprisingly staid affairs, incorporating a great deal of shop-talk quietly murmured in corners, and often culminating in variations on slightly simple-minded games like "Hunt the Slipper". Personally, I understand and approve of these practically pastoral activities. Life here is lived at such pressure that relaxation comes not as an unflinching of the mind, but as the snapping of a cord.

'The vogue for self-examination prepares the way for various religious theories, and a full-scale religious revival seems to me to be in force here,



—and its Norman crypt

not perhaps among the larger recognised churches so much as among small sects. This trend may have been stimulated by the various perplexities and soul searchings attendant on the explosion of the hydrogen bomb. But, be this as it may, the Sunday air, both radio and television, is a hive of revivalism, hymn singing, and fire-and-brimstone auguries from self-appointed minor prophets.

'It must be emphasised that the American takes his civic duties very seriously indeed and has a highly developed sense of citizenship. At the moment, these admirable traits are being pushed into the service of air-raid precautions, and the opinions of various high military figures are being sought in regard to the possible evacuation of Los Angeles. Commentators on television never tire of showing maps of the route of a possible attack, making no bones whatever about the direction from which such an attack may be expected, and in general dealing with the whole melancholy subject in a manner which strikes the European senses as similar to the trainer's briefing before a game of international football.

'Does all this sound unlike the Hollywood of the columnist? Well, it is. The legend of Hollywood is like some endless teaser campaign, manufactured by publicity departments and columnists, but reality has entered its portals to stay. I dare swear that nowhere in the world is there such a concentration of artistic talent, although the methods of setting that talent to work have deservedly met with criticism, some of it very amusing. But there is nothing that separates Hollywood off duty from the rest of America. It is just a section of the town devoted in some measure to the moving pictures, just as Harley Street is in the main dominated by doctors. The people who work here are people who think as hard as any others. And they laugh at us and criticise us as much as we laugh at them and criticise them, which is, or should be, an excellent tonic for us all'.

PIED BEAUTIES

In a wood, where tall beech and oak trees mingle with larches near a little beck, early in May last year ELSPETH HAWTHORNTHWAITTE found fresh wood-chips scattered over the beech mast and saw a newly bored hole high in a cherry tree. Speaking in 'The North-countryman', she said: 'Suddenly, above my head, there was a sharp call of "pick, pick", and an outcry came from the nest. A chequered bird flew on to the trunk of the cherry tree and with a few upward springing hops was clinging at an angle below the hole and pushing food into the greedy beaks inside. It was a woodpecker, but a pied or great spotted woodpecker which we had not expected there. During the next few weeks we grew to love the pied family. The parent birds were beauties, a brilliant vision of black, white, and scarlet, yet perfectly camouflaged against the shadow-chequered leaves and red-striped cherry bark. Their black, outer-wing feathers were zig-zagged with white, and where the hen had pale red feathers the cock had flaming scarlet on his tail and behind his head.

'At first the babies were almost invisible, but we heard them in a never-ceasing regular chatter, sounding like the inside of a clock-maker's shop. Their parents brought them a great variety of food. On sunny days they arrived at short intervals bristling with mayflies which gave them a surprised, moustached expression, and they often had to rub their beaks along a branch in an attempt to push back the overflow. They always fed their family together—waiting for each other's return. Once I saw the hen, anxious for her mate, drumming on a branch of beech with lightning-like strokes of her strong beak, and listening intently until her signal was answered by his drumming further down the wood. The cock always fed the family last. He felt that he had done his duty by filling the foremost greedy beak, but she, more discriminating, often reached over the firstcomers to a youngster in the background.

'Soon the young birds became more visible, and one day we rescued a youngster who had overbalanced and fallen to the ground. He hopped cheerfully towards us and clung confidently to my finger, and, afraid for his safety, we sent him on his way up the cherry trunk. Pushing

upwards with his springy tail feathers he at last reached the nesting hole where he stuck, exhausted. His mother, arriving with more food, was very taken aback to find the wrong end of one of her children in the hole, but she rallied quickly, bundled him in and fed him.

'Two days later the hole was empty and the wood was silent. We were very sorry to lose the little family, and the bright morning seemed suddenly clouded over as we walked along the hillside to the end of the wood. Suddenly the old familiar call of "pick, pick" rang out. There, high over our heads where the shadowed sunlight wove a pattern on the oak bark, a young woodpecker, beautifully pied and with a regal red crown, hopped and crept round and round the branches, peering and probing into every cranny and crevice. Every now and then he gave his ringing call and then, at the end of a branch, he hesitatingly tried to drum. It did not sound very like his parents' quick drumming but his mother heard him. She flew swiftly to a branch opposite and then with bent head and rapid movements of her beak she made the wood echo. The young bird watched and tried to copy her. Again she showed him patiently and this time he caught the long, rolling rattle, and, as she flew away content that his education was finished, he drummed and drummed in an ecstasy of happiness'.



Great spotted woodpecker at the entrance to its nest
Eric Hussey

A NEW WAY TO KEEP COOL

A method of refrigeration which has the advantages, among others, of being completely silent and of using no chemicals is being worked out by British scientists near London. It is a method which may well make a difference some day to household refrigeration, but it is more likely first to find its way into, for instance, high-speed aircraft, which need a good deal of refrigeration to keep them at comfortable temperatures. At least one big firm of aircraft manufacturers is interested in this new way of doing things, which the B.B.C.'s air correspondent, IVOR JONES, has seen working at the laboratories of a big electrical firm at Wembley and described in 'The Eye-witness'.

'This discovery', he said, 'has already been set to work on a small doll's house scale. At these laboratories you can see a tiny white refrigerator, measuring about four inches each way, inside which rests an even more minute tray of ice cubes. The cooling is done—and this is the essence of this new method—simply by passing an electric current through a joint between two substances already well known to scientists. The current needed would barely be enough to light a flashlamp bulb, and the substances are bismuth and bismuth telluride. The point about them is that they are both what is called semi-conductors. These substances do odd things with electric current that is passed through them. For example, it has been known for more than a century that this effect of cooling could be produced in a joint between ordinary metals, but it was very small.

'It occurred to the scientists at Wembley that for mathematical reasons semi-conductors might exaggerate this cooling effect. This turned out to be true, and already this new method can produce a drop of about fifty degrees Fahrenheit. This in itself could be useful, for instance, in some kinds of laboratory work and surgical operations. But the scientists concerned say a way will have to be found of lowering temperatures a good deal further before this new method of refrigeration becomes a practical proposition for general use. This is certainly true for aircraft, as far as the "heat barrier" is concerned, in the act of reaching, say, 1,200 miles an hour, an aeroplane raises its temperature in places by more than 300 degrees. This is a great deal compared with the drop of fifty degrees this new method has achieved so far.

'But the scientists are optimistic. They are re-working the mathematical theory behind the idea, and thinking of new kinds of semi-conductors to try. And they point out that if a refrigerator or cooling plant on these lines does become practicable it would be silent, durable, compact, and would have no working parts to go wrong. And, moreover, the same kind of apparatus could be used to work in reverse; so that the hot surface of, say, an aeroplane, could actually be used to generate electricity and be cooled at the same time'.

Thoughts of an American in England

By MARY McCARTHY

THE first thing that struck me was that London was a beautiful city; the second thing was the bomb damage; the third was that we Americans were unpopular. These three impressions, coming rapidly on top of each other, made an ineluctable melancholy unity. The fact that London was bombed and beautiful caused Americans to be disliked, in this particular spring of 1954, with or without justification. I had been warned about this by other returning Americans, and had listened with patient scepticism; it could not happen to me, I felt fondly certain. But I was wrong. We *are* unpopular and precisely with the man in the street, the man in the restaurant or the railway car, who stiffens when he hears our American voices, as if he were suddenly aware of the ticking of an infernal machine inside a harmless-looking parcel of flesh. It is our voices that give us away; until we open our mouths we escape notice; once we have spoken, every blue eye is on us, covertly, with disfavour.

Needed: a Thick Skin

I have been told, by English friends, that we Americans are too thin-skinned. The English, they say, have developed a thick hide through being disliked by other nations for centuries; we will have to grow this cuticle, in our turn. But the pathos of the American situation is, first, that we wish to be liked by everyone; and, second, that we see, at the same time, how we look to them, which the English never bothered about. The same social instinct that makes us long for popularity, like a girl at her first dance, makes us share, almost sympathetically, in the other person's disapproval. After nearly a month in London, I see how you feel toward us: the sound of my own voice, saying 'I guess', makes me start a little too, apologetically.

I do not mean to discuss here whether the English fear of America is rationally justified. I myself do not think we will commit the first act of aggression, but I cannot guarantee this; nobody can. We live in a situation in which nobody knows what might be an act of aggression, retrospectively looked at. Nobody knows; that is just the difficulty. Politics today is like Russian roulette; the revolver is pointed at the world's head and nobody knows which chamber is loaded. Political judgements, accordingly, have passed from prediction of the probable to sheer prophecy. The western world's fear of America is simply a localisation of the universal fear of the future. If we Americans, tourists, in London are looked upon with misgiving, it is because we seem to have come, bag and baggage and camera, from the home of that unimaginable tomorrow.

And the future, I think, is much more nervously present to you in England than it is to us in America, despite our air raid precautions. This is partly because you are in a more exposed and precarious position; and partly, I believe, because the past is more immediately real to you. That is why the bomb damage gives an American pause today and makes one's fists clench as if one were witnessing a present atrocity. The strange part is that when I was here before, for three days only, in 1946, I was not particularly outraged by the ruins, which were much more evident then. We were still all of us in the context of war, to which bombing was normal, and England, though an ally, did not seem to us altogether innocent. English policy, at least in part, was responsible for what had happened.

'Depressingly Middle-aged'

At that time, we still resented the English in the traditional American way, and, as a younger and more spirited race, looked down upon them as depressingly middle-aged and limited. English cooking, English hypocrisy, English art, English class and custom, English colonialism, English rationing, all seemed to come from the same tube of bloater-paste. By contrast, an old country, like Italy or France, resurgent, with delightful cooking and black-market cream and butter, was far more sympathetic to us.

I do not know exactly when American feeling, among intellectuals, liberals, artists, and literary people, first began to shift. It was a slow

and, at the beginning, a cautious process. There was a sense, gradually developed, that we had been inconsistent and unjust in our treatment of England: a series of admissions was wrung from us. I remember, for example, the queer sensation I got when, long after the event, the evacuation of Dunkirk turned upside down in my mind and became a heroic exploit, though I had previously seen it as a rout and a shambles. In the same way, posthumously, so to speak, we have done justice to Churchill. 'He was right!' most of us say to ourselves, thunderstruck, reading his memoirs today and wishing that Roosevelt and Eisenhower had heeded his warnings, about Germany, for instance, or the strike through the Balkans to the 'soft underbelly of Europe'. Virtually, every British policy, of the war and post-war years, has undergone this revaluation in the American mind. 'They were right', we sigh, about the Arabs, the Suez, Egypt. 'They do these things better in England', we say about the handling of the communists, and compare Fuchs' light sentence to what we did to the Rosenbergs. We talk about British institutions sentimentally, as people in the 'thirties used to talk about Sweden—the 'middle way'—and point out to each other that the British Conservative Party is really to the left of the Democrats in America, etc., etc.

We subscribe to English magazines: *The Economist*, *The Listener*, *The New Statesman*. Copies are saved up and passed from family to family. We compare the Third Programme, even though we have never heard it, to the American radio. Long before I had seen a copy of *The Economist*, I used to assure people that it was a model of what a magazine ought to be. English art has been rediscovered—not only Henry Moore, Piper, Sutherland, Ben Nicholson—but the Old Masters, who used to be dismissed with a smile. Many American amateurs today would rather own a Stubbs than a Picasso. We have a group of young neo-conservatives, former marxists, who now follow Burke and Lord Acton. The English novel has been reinstated, ceremoniously, in the canon of criticism, alongside Flaubert and James. One American critic recently apologised to another, in public, for having undervalued the English novel, while a third, standing by sardonically, commented, 'Zeitgeist talk'. In this *Zeitgeist* talk, English critics, Leavis, Pritchett, are held up as exemplars to our own, as well as English actors, English education, English ballet, English movies, English shoes, automobiles, biscuits, British Intelligence, and the prose style of an ordinary Englishman writing a letter to *The Times*. There can never have been a period in the history of our two countries when England was so prized.

Unrequited Love

That is the pathos and the irony of the American situation in England today. The love is unrequited. 'It is not personal', our English friends kindly remind us. 'It is not you personally that the man in the street dislikes'. But of course it is personal; the dislike is not abstract. It touches the very root of oneself, the part one cannot change, the accent and habit of being. On the way here, on the 'plane, I read an article about America by an English critic, Mr. V. S. Pritchett, who had just returned from a stay there and whom, as it happened, I had seen a good deal of. It concluded with the *trouvaille* that the American, at heart, was an obsessed creature. Scratch the surface, it said, of affability and 'adjustment', and you will find that they are witch-hunters. Every American has his witch. I am afraid I take that personally. Indeed, there could be no more *personal* observation. For it purports to tell me what I really am, underneath, behind the façade. I would have thought that this kind of judgement was itself a form of witch-hunting, the notion of 'fair without and foul within' being the very quintessence of witch-hunting, which sows a distrust of appearances: everything is not what it seems, or, as Senator McCarthy would put it, General Marshall, appearances to the contrary, is really an arch-traitor and the Army 'harbours' communists. I harbour a witch. But my indignation at this article was not shared by English friends, even those who might be suspected of being pro-American; they dismissed it, tolerantly—from their point of view, it was, I suppose, mere 'Zeitgeist talk'.

And there is, in the end, one must see, a connection between the

American idealisation of England and American unpopularity here. The idealisation of England is a kind of self-dislike and a confession of despair. With the American loss of belief in a radical future, the English limitations, the conservatism, stodginess, compromise, the so-called 'middle way' came to seem safe and rather snug to us. The English themselves, on the whole, while accepting change rather

stoically, do not seem to believe much in its reality. History, to them, tends to be a twice-told tale, with the same men and motives being thrown up again and again. This is not, or was not, the American view: we really believed, like all self-made people, in progress. Hence, now, on both sides of the Anglo-American relation, there is really a joint fear of the future.—*Third Programme*

Education for Leadership in Germany

By General F. VON SENGER UND ETTERLIN

IN discussing education for leadership in Germany in the recent past, I find I must start with a paradox. The aim for us now, in the education of German youth, is to train the new generation to get along with as little leadership as possible.

I base this conviction largely on my personal experiences of education in Britain, for I was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford many years ago. I have remembered the experience ever since and it has formed for me a sort of political creed—a creed that might lead to a happier political existence for my country. I spent another period in Britain more recently than my student days and in less happy circumstances than the carefree ones of Oxford before the first war. That was in Wales from 1945 to 1948, as a prisoner-of-war. It was a double life. By day, through the generosity of the camp commander, I was an agricultural labourer. At night, I was again a prisoner.

Basis of the British Way of Life

During these two long stays in Britain, I reflected often on the difference in the history of our two nations. I do not propose to give you any view of German history which will be new to you. I will mention only a few things which seemed interesting or important to me when I was thinking of this problem of leadership. First of all, there is one respect in which we differ from England and France. Since the sixteenth century, that is since the time of the Reformation, there has been no revolution in Germany which has had any far-reaching effect on our ideas about personal freedom in its relation to political institutions. For us, the question was solved after the Reformation by the principle of '*cujus regio ejus religio*'. The newly founded Protestant churches were freed from Rome's authority but placed under secular leaders. Politically speaking, this solution may perhaps seem not so unlike that which you arrived at in England, where the Church was established under the leadership of the Sovereign. But that is the end of the similarity. From the time of your great revolution of the seventeenth century, the British way of life became entirely different from that of other nations. It was then that the British people assumed responsibility for their own destiny and refused to accept the leadership of either the Church or the Royal House. Self-education and tolerance became the basis of your way of life.

Germany, on the other hand, after the religious revolutions of the sixteenth century, remained a country which patiently accepted the leadership of her numerous monarchies; and, later on, of the governments nominated by those monarchies and responsible to them only, and not to the people. Somehow or other, Germany seems to have missed the chance of creating a new system of political freedom—one in which her people were represented by elected Ministers. But those German sovereigns were not all autocrats. In fact, as time went on, many of them were enlightened enough to present their subjects with some sort of constitution. But it was never the subjects who wrested political emancipation from their sovereigns. It would be wrong to say that the German people did not fare well with their monarchical systems. On the contrary, they were often so well ruled by such excellent governments that they learnt to regard this form of leadership as a benefit and a gift of providence.

Then came the French Revolution, which started France on her road to political freedom. German political progress at that time was through the Stein-Hardenberg reforms. These were based on liberal and progressive ideas. But again they were imposed from above and not enforced from below. One might even say perhaps the very progressiveness of German politics at this time was a pity, for it enabled the German people to stand aloof from movements fighting for political

emancipation. The German States again proved to be strongholds of order. In 1848, Germany made her one attempt to gain political emancipation, but the movement was easily suppressed, and, while it went into history as a contribution to the idea of constitutional government, it had little effect on the German political system.

May I digress for one moment, to draw a parallel which strikes me as interesting. I spent another five years of my life in Italy, partly on a diplomatic mission during the war and partly on the battlefields of Sicily and of the mainland. During the first part of this time I met many Italians with whom I discussed political problems. In talking to them I found that I was struck by how closely the nineteenth-century history of Italy resembles that of Germany of the same period, with the slow rise of the movement of national unification—but with one great difference. In Germany, unification was brought about by one leader—Bismarck—whereas in Italy, apart from leadership there was a much stronger element of liberalism in the whole movement. In Italy, unification meant the abolition of reactionary regimes, adherence to a liberal dynasty and the leadership of a popular hero like Garibaldi with a liberal statesman like Cavour.

To get back to Germany. The last fifty years—that is, during my lifetime—show how greatly political difficulties are increased for a Great Power if it is set between the east and the west. Germany has oscillated between east and west and has fought both, because since the time of Bismarck she has never felt really safe in an alliance with either one. This insecurity gave little opportunity for internal political progress, and it stamped on Germany an impact of the east. This period has now gone, but it was the basis of the Prussian hegemony. The very origins of the Prussian kingdom lay east of the Oder-Neisse line, and Berlin was its natural centre. Now, however, as long as the tragic separation of Germany lasts, the cultural centre will be farther west and the impact of the east will no longer be as important in Germany.

But the problem of facing both east and west is not a purely Prussian one. It is one that Germany has shared with Austria throughout modern history. And for both Germany and Austria it has meant dominion over alien people such as Poles, Czechs, or Croats. This dominion over foreign races further stressed the principle of state leadership and executive power as opposed to self-government of the people. The western parts of Germany would probably have taken to western political institutions long ago—as they are trying to do now—had they not always been linked with governments that had to face these eastern problems.

Why Militarism was Favoured

There is another historical phenomenon, commonly defined as militarism, which is usually attributed to the Germans. As a former professional soldier, I would like to say a word or two about this. It is certainly true that Germany as a central power has always felt threatened to some extent. And this sort of isolation is favourable to militarism. It adds to the prestige of the military as a social caste, though the prestige of the military in Germany was, I suppose, originally due to Frederick the Great, who consciously rewarded them with social position. Then, too, the very things that hamper the progress of personal freedom also favoured militarism. Military service, for instance, was almost welcome as just another form of personal sacrifice to the state by complete obedience of the subject for at least a limited period of his life. For all these reasons, the principle of leadership became paramount and, since the most important period of national education that the citizen underwent was his national service period, education came to be directed too exclusively towards discipline and

obedience and too little towards developing a sense of freedom and responsibility in the citizen.

This efficient military education paid well in times of war. A short while ago, an American officer asked me how I managed to keep up such high morale during the eight months of the battle of Cassino, and in spite of the certain prospect of defeat. I had to admit that if, to the limited political judgement of the average man, you add ten years of intensive propaganda, you do diminish the danger of demoralisation. But apart from that I experienced that magic stream of confidence that may flow towards one man from even 100,000 under his command. This is, perhaps, the great dilemma of leadership under such conditions, that by a personal contribution one may advance the aims of propaganda.

Racial Theories

But militarism cannot in the end succeed. When it infects a nation to the point of putting military leaders in top political positions, it inevitably leads to fatal military blunders. As our own philosopher of war, Clausewitz, said: 'It is an irrational proceeding to consult professional soldiers on the plan of a war, that they may give a purely military opinion about what a Cabinet ought to do. . . . The leading outlines of a war are always determined by the Cabinet, that is, by a political not a military organ'. This quotation—which is after all anti-militarist—shows that at the time of Stein and Hardenberg sanity still prevailed. In fact, it was not till the late nineteenth century that the national mentality was contaminated, bewildered, and driven into a strange state of mysticism by some of the philosophers of the nineteenth century. The theories of Hegel, with his emphasis on the function of the state in relation to the individual, and of Nietzsche, with his superman, added a conception of the importance of 'race', and the brilliance of the Teutonic race in particular, to the growing nationalism of the day. Gobineau, with his work *De l'Inégalité de la Race Humaine*—which, though it was still based on Christian principles, was widely misinterpreted—stood at the cradle of the movement which led to the final going astray between 1933 and 1945. And his theories were put in more popular form by Houston Stewart Chamberlain at the turn of the century.

I am, myself, a south German, more accustomed to look towards Austria than to the north, and I well remember these contagious intellectual diseases which swept Germany from the time of my adolescence. Eventually, the whole nation was more or less submerged. Leadership was perverted. Education had failed to give the nation the safeguard of sound judgement.

I have given you my personal opinions, based on stays abroad and on my experience as a general, as to how all this happened. My theories about possible solutions may rest on my present position as the head of one of the Salem Schools. The young people in Germany, as I have seen them in the last few years, are separated from their fathers by a greater gulf than the usual one between generations. Those now between twenty-five and thirty-five suffered from a disaster brought about by a regime chosen by their fathers. They bore the brunt of war sacrifices without feeling in any way responsible for the regime in power. Behind them another generation is growing up which is too young to realise what happened. It is an amazing fact that, in spite of this gulf, those younger generations are conscious enough of the mistakes of their fathers to be willing to accept leadership from older men who were emigrants, or resistance men or well-known enemies of the Nazi regime. This is, I think, a sign of recovery and of a return towards normality—perhaps, even, a touch of convalescence. But these young people do not feel like convalescents. They are living life fully and are enjoying the economic boom. They are sick of a burden that still weighs invisibly on their shoulders—the burden of their last national inheritance. What we who are responsible for their education must do, then, is to give to this generation confidence and that safeguard of judgement which their fathers lacked. It is because I believe this, perhaps, that I am now a schoolmaster. The school in which I teach was founded after the first world war because Prince Max of Baden—the last Imperial Chancellor—and Kurt Hahn, who afterwards founded Gordonstoun in Scotland, recognised that leadership had failed and that new principles of education were needed.

The Salem School certainly could not change the course of German history but it resisted nazism as best it could. Now it is again seeking to train young Germans in independence of thought and a soundness of judgement which will be capable of resisting autocratic authority. Boys are taught that the supreme law for man is his own conscience, but that

avoiding acts that are against your conscience is not in itself enough. We try to give them a feeling of responsibility towards other people in the same community. Stress is laid on self-government. An assembly of elder boys perpetuates itself by electing younger ones on their own as soon as they consider these younger boys ready to take responsibility and uphold the principles of the school. This assembly consults the headmaster once a week on administrative matters and on the whole life of the school. We teach them to consider everything, to question everything, and to assume personal responsibility for everything. The scale of the operation may be small but the principle is one which has the greatest importance for Germany. We do not want another generation which believes that others—leaders—can make decisions for it.

Then we try to establish the principle that men cannot live by rules alone. Certainly, there must be rules. They form the frame of any community. But minor rules are not enforced by supervision. We try to make them a matter of self-control even in the case of the youngest boys. Everything possible is done to get away from the tradition of accepting unquestioned authority and supervision from above.

Salem is only one school. It cannot provide the solution by itself. I have described it only because it incorporates the principles in which I believe and because by its unchanged attitude during the last thirty years it has, I believe, made some impact on German education. Equally, it would be wrong to limit impressions of German youth to Salem boys or even to high-school boys: and I have not done so. I think, of the generation as a whole, it is fair to say that the swing of the pendulum is beginning to show. The young generation is swinging back to normality and sanity. For though it is true that they are not yet much interested in politics, this is the natural consequence of our national misfortunes. The hopeful signs are that these young people are weary of mystical reverence for the state or its representatives. They repudiate forced education or re-education. They dislike the idea of military drill and they have a strong sense of independence.

We must see to it that the political vacuum in their minds does not last too long. As time goes on, this new generation will want some new objects for their national life. Perhaps a new relation with other nations of Europe may be one such object. It would be the logical sequence after a long period of nationalism.—*Third Programme*

March Allotment

I who sleep no longer, keep the hour;
Am hearing the halloo chimney roar and run,
Am there in the tattering storming splay of shower:
For today I worked my bean-seeds to the sun,
My half-day and all way
• With mud and weed and generation's need.

And now awake, who else would snug a burrow
Through nightscape drift, I soar the miles and moons;
And share for all time's seeds in followed furrow
The hazards of the elemental boons
That bear, and upward tear,
The perfection of their case, by rough embrace.

So holding hands to earth, shall I once break
The round meeting, for the leafing's sake,
So shake
The apparent dust, the dust, awake.

NORMAN PASSANT

Nature Poetry

I was regarding the famous trees, locked in the case
Of a glassy sky, as dignified as some dead face,
As dead as well.

Until my daughter scampered up, gabbling
Of the famous monkeys in the zoo. And the trees were
suddenly scabbling
In the air, they glowed, they shook with communal rage.
For the trees were bereaved of monkeys. And in the zoo
The bitter monkeys shook the dead iron of their cage.

D. J. ENRIGHT

The Siting of Sculpture

I—By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

IN 1928, at the age of thirty, Henry Moore received a public commission. It was a figure for the headquarters of the London Passenger Transport Board. He was forty-five before he received another one. This was in 1943, and the work was the *Madonna and Child* for the Church of St. Matthew, Northampton. Since then he has been constantly engaged on large-scale commissions: every year he turns out new stately pieces. This is not merely one man's good fortune, however. It is rather the outstanding example of a general tendency in England since the war. It started with the War Artists' Commission, I suppose. The point about the war artists was that they could apply their personal preoccupations to the public material offered by the war. Thus Graham Sutherland added the charred and ripped-open houses of the bombed East End to his violent iconography. And Henry Moore's nature goddesses of the nineteen-thirties wintered in the tunnels of the Underground.

There were war artists in the first world war, of course, but afterwards in the nineteen-twenties nobody felt obliged to direct them to public themes. Last time, the authorities seem to have made a conscious effort to continue the one-to-one artist-society relationship. Numerous artists, several young sculptors among them, have done work for the new towns, for old churches, and new schools. Three of the current sculpture exhibitions underline this new desire to make sculpture a part of people's lives. There is the Arts Council's 'Sculpture in the Home' exhibition, there is the show of constructions at the Building Centre called 'Artist versus Machine', and this summer's big deal—the L.C.C.'s third exhibition of 'Sculpture in the Open Air'.

These exhibitions represent attempts to take sculpture out of the art gallery and put it in something that simulates a real environment. The garden and ruin of Holland Park, the reconstructed corners of modern rooms at the New Burlington Galleries, the 'ivory factory' at the Building Centre—all these are in fact highly artificial conditions. The 'real' environment is about as convincing as diorama in a provincial museum inhabited by stuffed birds.

Though one welcomes such attempts to bridge the traditional gap between artist and public, one must be clear about their limitations. The violence of the war affected artist and public alike, so that the public was not merely a passive spectator of new works of art. Now, with this community of interest gone, it becomes difficult for post-war patronage—public patronage—to find common ground. An increasing number of works by the younger sculptors is appearing on public sites, but without satisfying a real demand. We have the paradox of public sculpture against the grain.

The best public work since the war, I think, is that in which the requirements of the commission and the artist's personal concerns have coincided. There is no unifying style today and even public sculpture has to be seen as a series of special cases. All I can do, therefore, is to discuss a number of the individual cases.

Obviously, for public sculpture to make sense in the urban setting, it must be sited in relation to architecture, and here the problems begin. Contemporary architects have professional ideas about the siting of sculpture in or near their buildings. Some regard their buildings as complete without the addition of sculpture. Others will use a statue but only on the principle of the patch on the beauty's face. Used in this way, sculpture is reduced to the status of a lump of material or a smear of texture. Philip Johnson, in his glass house at New Canaan, Connecticut, for example, has a pair of barrage-balloon girls in *papier-mâché*. They are no more than distended contrasts to the elegant sparseness of the house itself. This use of sculpture merely as a foil is an occupational obsession of architects.

Recently, a competition was held among the students of the Royal College of Art for a sculpture for Clarendon Secondary Modern School, one of the new schools in Hertfordshire. The winning piece, now in place, is everything the architecture is not: stolid, lumpy, and arbitrary. If a sculpture is to exist only in terms of a foil, it is not surprising that so much 'architectural sculpture' lacks vitality, with form that is sleepy like that of an overripe pear. Even when work of better quality is available it is by no means guaranteed a good site. Most twentieth-century sculpture requires to be seen from all angles. Architects, however, often make this impossible. At one of the new Technical Colleges, for instance, a Henry Moore 'Family Group', which he would have liked to place on the lawn, has ended up against a screen that masks a door. It looks like a book-end without any books to hold up. This kind of thing happens when, as usual, the sculptor is brought in at the last moment to fill a given space.

Although architects, then, tend to suppress sculpture to a point of structural insignificance, another authority tends to push the artist in another direction, 'onwards and upwards'. The competition for the Trades Union Council's new building in Bloomsbury, for example, includes these specifications: two statues are wanted, one to commemorate trade unionists killed in wars, another to epitomise the movement as a whole. These complacent and nostalgic conditions will undoubtedly get the sculptor they deserve. At one school it was specified in the commission that the sculptor should symbolise Youth and Wisdom. In Hertfordshire, artists who work for the schools are expected to avoid nudes and are reminded that children like animals. Thus the sculptor is often guided towards a particular rhetoric that is not inherent in his style. Sculpture on public sites was once a crystallisation of public attitudes. This is no longer the case, but it is futile to fill up sites with dead symbols.

Let us consider more closely the function of sculpture in the Hertfordshire schools. From 1949 to 1953 one-third per cent. of the total cost of each school was allocated to be spent on works of art. Under this scheme (which is currently in abeyance) about a dozen schools received permanent sculpture, most of them particularly commissioned. The schools, it will be remembered, are all constructed of mass-produced, standardised units. The sculpture was to individualise each school by its unique, personal character. A case where this has worked, I understand, is Kingsway Primary School. A bear carved by Mrs. B. C. Brown has



'Madonna and Child', by Henry Moore: in the Church of St. Matthew, Northampton

been adopted by the children and acts as a cosy totem in the school life. Unhappily, though the social function of the bear is so satisfactory, it is an undistinguished work of art. Moore's 'Family Group', Barbara Hepworth's 'Turning Form', and Butler's 'Oracle' are better works of art but they are comparatively unpopular. In Hertfordshire, as elsewhere, we face the paradox of public works which the public finds private.

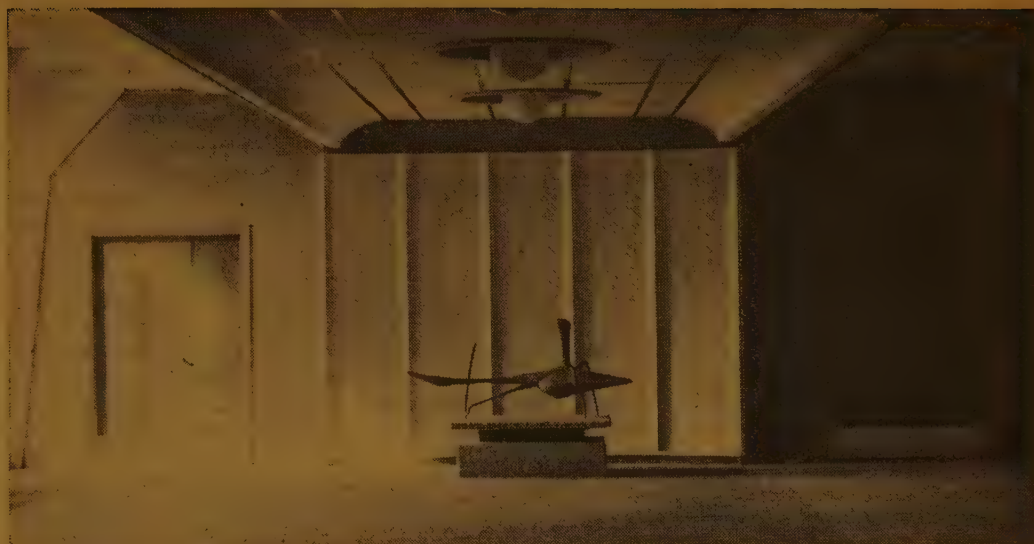
The most brilliant of the commissioned sculptures in Hertfordshire is Reg Butler's 'The Oracle', which is in the lower entrance of the Hatfield Training College. He has accepted the policy of sculpture as a foil and conceived 'The Oracle', in his own words, as 'a personage in the depths of the college'. He has avoided the mannerist figure style and the mild primitivism of animal sculptors elsewhere in the county. He has made an ambiguous and violent image, compounded of parts of a jet aircraft (suitable for a Training College) and organic forms which evoke a pterodactyl.

Flight and death, the archaic and the technological are fused here. Butler has used the tough material, iron, to give the personage long extensions out from the body, as if it were trying to possess the space around itself, the space that belongs to us. That is a way of saying that Butler's sculpture lives on its site.

Butler was trained as an architect and so was Lynn Chadwick. Chadwick had a stabile in the garden court of Mischa Black's Regatta Restaurant on the South Bank. It somewhat resembled the skylon, if you will imagine that sleek symbol corroded, split, and lowered till its base rested on the earth. Garden and sculpture were not just a foil to the architecture, but an integral part of a building-garden-sculpture complex. A new work by Chadwick has just been placed in the recessed window of a Grosvenor Street showroom which displays what is called 'sleep equipment'. A copper and concrete chrysalis on an enormous iron leaf symbolises rest. It is well placed in relation to Dennis Lennon's showroom. Chadwick, like other sculptors, has been concerned with insect-forms that lend themselves to treatment in iron. This is another case of a sculptor's personal interest expressing itself within the limits of the commission.

Neither Chadwick nor Butler has worked in a simplified public style—like Henry Moore's 'Draped Reclining Figure' on view at Holland Park, for example. In both cases the artists' personal preoccupations have suited the particular sites. Luck as well as discipline is involved. By comparison with these successes, Moore, with his calculated public manner, is someone who has replaced luck by a 'system'.

When Sir Jacob Epstein was commissioned by the Convent of the



'The Oracle', by Reg Butler, standing in the entrance hall of Hatfield Technical College for which it was commissioned

Holy Child to make a Madonna and Child for Cavendish Square, he did not have Moore's problem of adjustment. He produced a typical work, representational and emotive. Despite its traditional conception, however, it has been stuck on to a blank brick wall, over an archway. The Madonna's lead feet are left to dangle in the air. This floating effect is suitable for some modern sculpture, but a traditional sculpture should not be subjected to untraditional siting. I suppose it was intended to make the statue seem like a vision. Actually it looks so insecure that one is made uncomfortably aware of its weight as a piece of material.

This kind of artistic incongruity is, of course, not confined to England. In a public monument the confusion may even occur in the mind of the sculptor. An example of this is Ossip Zadkine's monument at Rotterdam, called 'May 1940'. The destruction of the city-centre by bombers is symbolised by a colossal bronze figure, clawing at the sky. Anguish is communicated partly by this gesture and partly by a great hole in the torso, which seems to mean that the heart has been torn out. But in modern sculpture voids within solids simply do not mean mutilation. Here a legitimate twentieth-century way of seeing has been reduced to a rhetorical device. The clash between classical gesture and cubist form has produced something like a politician's mixed metaphor.

In the competition for a monument to the Unknown Political Prisoner the most successful pieces, I should say, were not those built up of closed forms. The sculptures of Butler, Max-Bill, Pevsner, Gabo, Paolozzi, and William Turnbull were open, bordering on architecture, occupying space rather like architecture. Paolozzi made a temporary fountain of this type for the South Bank in 1951. Last year he gave permanent form to his ideas for fountains, not in England where he lives but for a park in Hamburg. There are three fountains which resemble builders' scaffoldings of various heights. They are built in open frameworks of welded steel tubing, open to wind and light. The water is pumped up in these frameworks and splashes down from storey to storey into pans shaped like exposed drawers in a desk. The fountains are spaced apart so that people can walk between them. The group coheres as a construction in space without excluding or intimidating people. This combination of large-size and the human scale is to my mind a prime requirement of open-air sculpture.

An unrealised project of Paolozzi also deserves to be mentioned. He prepared a relief for a block of flats by Fry and Drew at Whitefoot Lane, South London. He made pre-cast concrete blocks of various sizes, each incised or punctured, for a panel at the base of a stair tower. The collection of hefty, gay forms was like a set of dominoes for the goons and would have carried over into the prim, familiar block of flats something of the magic-looking disorder of the site during building operations. This must have seemed too frivolous to the local committee and at a late stage they rejected the work.

This case is not isolated. Post-war building, as we have



Model for a group of three fountains designed by Eduardo Paolozzi for a park in Hamburg

seen, does not have too many rich pickings for sculptors. The new towns have been especially disappointing in this respect. Socially speaking, they are falling apart because of the lack of a core of public buildings. A sculpture would look as lost in them as it would on an arterial road. But a chance to create public sculpture outside England has been given to English sculptors in a new town-development in the Middle East. Franklin Dark, the English architect in charge of the development, is employing Robert Adams and Geoffrey Clarke. Though it will be some years before this huge project is completed, the shape and siting of the sculpture is now determined. Adams has designed a monument thirty-five feet high for the heart of the city. Its forms are based on the sail of the local ships and it consists of three triangular aluminium planes, all slightly curved, balanced on end. The planes meet at a point about six feet from the plinth and then spring upwards and apart. The relation of this work to the surrounding buildings has been coherently worked out by the architect, without in the least inhibiting the sculptor. Here sculpture should act as intermediary between the public buildings and the human beings, as an integral part of the site.

II—By BASIL TAYLOR

WE ARGUE MORE PERSISTENTLY about artistic ideas now than ever before; no longer, as artists began to do at the Renaissance, about what and how—what shall we paint or carve, in what style shall we work?—but about more theoretical and remote questions. Critics, and some architects, argue about monumentality. What is it, why have we not achieved it, if indeed we have not, and should we bother, anyway? To talk about the siting of sculpture is a matter of the same sort. That sculptors are more concerned than they were about this question is in some way a reaction against an earlier independence.

Where can one site sculpture then? Within a building—in any room from a 'bed-sitter' to a factory canteen, outside a building as a part of its external fabric, or freestanding in close association with architecture. In which case it may look outwards towards the landscape as Henry Moore's reclining figure did at Chermayeff's house in Sussex. Or it may operate with the building. Or, again, there is sculpture to be sited in a park, a garden, or landscape.

The first difficulty, I believe, is that both sides—architect and sculptor—in having to take an attitude to each other have created a problem and some sense of mutual distrust. Today they *can* only meet on a basis of fair play and mutual respect and similar sensibilities—they can only co-operate if they share the same or a similar aesthetic. Setting aside economics, the architect is governed not only by the necessities of his building's function, but by his own aesthetic and by his desire for self-expression. The sculptor is likely to be guided by similar motives. What is lacking by comparison with the past is any mediating belief or intention which defines the contract between sculpture and architecture—such as the medieval intention to make works to the glory of God, to represent in a building enriched with sculpture the shape of the Divine revelation. And we have no longer the kind of trade rules and standards which fixed the social and artistic relationships between masons, master-masons, and directing 'architect'. The most we can achieve, at least in those societies with no dominating ideology, is stylistic sympathy.

The work of Vincent Harris and Charles Wheeler, in the new government buildings off Whitehall—well, that has stylistic sympathy: both architect and sculptor express the same quality of rhetoric. The same sympathy is shown by Moore's carvings for the façade of the Time-Life building in Bond Street. His reversion at this moment to something more abstract than his recent work is at least an appropriate solution, if not the only one. In the case of new buildings the architect should be the master, for we can hardly recover the spiritual unity of the medieval situation. If it is some sort of stylistic or aesthetic harmony we are after, then clearly the building must establish the terms of the treaty in architecture.

The siting of new sculpture in existing buildings is a separate problem. The recent Madonnas by Moore and by Epstein suggest two different solutions. The success of the Moore at St. Matthew's, Northampton, seems to me to depend very greatly upon its sympathy with the building—not with the pseudo-Gothic style, that is, but with the formal elements, with the scale of the church, with the traditional cross plan and the traditional passage of the worshipper through that plan. The figures rest securely and calmly within the shell of the transept. The scale is beautifully adjusted to the expanse of wall

between the window and the floor. The Madonna's human gaze is towards the human visitor as he moves down the nave. The Child's gaze shares the nave and the sanctuary, poised between the material and the spiritual zones of the building. One's appreciation of this group depends enormously upon visiting the place.

The work would impress me even more if the image of the Madonna and Child was intrinsically more eloquent. In gaining something of Bernini's control over an architectural situation, Moore has not matched it with anything like that artist's sculptural energy—and it is not just a matter of a stylistic difference. The Epstein Madonna in Cavendish Square has nothing to do with the architecture—admittedly to find a link between the Christian theme and a pair of Georgian mansions would have been beyond anyone's achievement. But apart from matters of style, the relationship of scale, as Mr. Alloway has said, leaves no doubt that Epstein intended to be the master. And that seems to me no bad thing. Three hundred years of criticism and historical interpretation have brought ideas about the siting of sculpture. Contemporary artists work within the ambience of these historical deductions and interpretations. It is a decision which cannot be governed by theory; indeed I think any theory about siting is likely to mean a limited view of sculpture.

It is when we come to think about the siting of sculpture in landscape, or at least beyond the confines or fabric of a building, that the problem becomes very much of a local one. A great deal of English art during the past thirty years has been concerned with relationships between natural forms and the human figure, between the human consciousness and the natural order in landscape. The paintings of Nash and Sutherland, Moore's sculpture in the nineteen-thirties, Barbara Hepworth's at most periods of her career, have been guided by some kind of a nature philosophy. Moore's reclining figures, in particular, were directed by the form of natural rock. Barbara Hepworth's pieces often have the appearance of altered monoliths, and she has played with the geological associations of rock and the historical associations of the most ancient monuments. Both these sculptors have liked to see their work at least photographed, if they could not be permanently sited, in landscape. I do not want to discuss the validity of these ideas, but their effectiveness when it comes to the point of placing a sculpture out of doors.

There is no doubt that work of this character does lose much of its poetic point when it finds itself in unsympathetic surroundings. The Moore reclining figure in the Tate looks unhappy in the rigid classical frame of the Duveen galleries. I thought the Hepworth group by the Dome of Discovery did not hold its place, not only because of a failure of eloquence, but because Hepworth's idea of sculpture in fact prohibits the kind of eloquence that such a fierce situation demanded. Sculpture in the open air, whether or not it is intended to suggest associations with landscape or with architecture, has to contend with two forces, light and space, both of which have to be pacified and brought to use. Together they threaten to destroy the spectator's communion with the work. A sculpture must maintain itself by reason of its own sculptural energy. Now, unlike the material of the painter, the solid material of the sculptor, the stone or the wood, cannot fail to affect us to some degree before the artist works his will upon it, affect us emotionally or affect the structure of our environment. You cannot put up a single post in your garden without making life a little bit different. Today a pebble, a lump of rock, is liable to be more significant than at any other time since the beginning of European civilisation. It is only too easy, in fact, to contrive a modern and temporary effect by leaving material alone, by making something look natural or just altering nature a little bit. Certainly the more humanistic the work is intended to be, the less must the sculptor concern himself with matters of natural association. What matters most in considering the site are questions of scale, the viewpoint from which the work is to be seen, and so on. I am sure that if a work like Reg Butler's 'Political Prisoner' is to have its effect, then what really matters is a proper solution of such problems and the intrinsic energy and eloquence of the forms.

Mr. Alloway has spoken of Paolozzi's fountains in Germany and of the kind of sculpture which is intended to envelop the spectator, to create for him a new or at least a transformed environment. That is, to be gifted as the architect is gifted with power to articulate space. But what distinguishes sculpture from architecture, or, if you prefer, the sculptor from the architect, is the power not just to make that kind of transformation, but to populate a room, a façade, a terrace, or a park with forms which are not wholly dependent upon their environment, which do not just regulate the space, but have an independent energy and meaning.—*Third Programme*

The Comic Element in the English Novel—V

The Last Forty Years

By V. S. PRITCHETT

WHEN we look at the comic writing of the last forty years we see at once that it begins abruptly with an explosion, the explosion of 1914. But I think we ought to avoid the vice of the single explanation. The explosion can be said definitely to have produced the comedy of outrage, the laughter of hell in the novels of Evelyn Waugh, but in other writers one can see other subversive forces at work. The interest in the unconscious, for example, which altered our notions of what the ego was like. The 'I' was no longer hard, autobiographical, or observant, but had become something soluble; or something turned inside out.

Visual Vividness with Textual Obscurity

Then there was the general attack on the culture habits of middle-class society. There is parallel between painting and literature especially during the 'twenties. In comedy Firbank may derive from Wilde, but he suggests Dufy; Joyce and his satirical imitator Wyndham Lewis are like Picasso, or at any rate the Cubists. The emphasis is no longer on the sane and settled but on the exorbitant. The painter's eye is very apparent in the prose. We get visual and oral writing. The sea (in Joyce, for example), becomes the 'snot-green sea'. The *mot juste* has turned into the excessive, even the exhibitionist, word. In all these writers there is a shock to the eye, a shock to syntax, a shock to the image-making faculty; the mind skids into free associations, morals skid, and the reader has often to work hard for his pleasure. He is pushed right on to the midst of the scene and he is expected to swim at once when he is thrown into his author's mind at the deep end. It is a moment of experiment. A tremendous visual vividness goes along with a good deal of textual obscurity. One has to know Dublin well to get the most out of *Ulysses*, and one has to have a considerable polyglot learning to guess at the drift of *Finnegans Wake*. These books require a key.

Joyce begins as a comic realist rather in the Russian vein: it was what he called 'mean writing'; and then the explosion occurs and he inflates to the mythological dimension, into the heroic climate of the prose-poem of incantation. The comic stories in the realistic manner of *Dubliners* link up with the English realists like Wells, but they are more ragged and open and far less artificial than the English vein. Joyce is a writer who takes dialogue and language seriously. In fact language itself is almost the chief focus of his comedy. His people are made to talk real speech, thought speech, stage speech, and the speech of the imagination. When Bloom is farcically accused of having oriental blood, he immediately starts talking imitation Chinese.

All Joyce's material is histrionic—the comedy of the stream of consciousness, and free association. Joyce is the linguist of the mind, the learned comedian, translating its sensations into all kinds of literary forms; part of the comedy lies in the grotesque contrast between life and words. The price is monotony—especially the monotony of the sexual obsession; yet the squalor of the adolescent mind matches the squalor of this bitter, raucous, puritanical city. But in the hasty keyhole anxiety and coarseness there is something tragic. Bloom and his wife are stained and sordid giants, pitiable and helpless because of the huge and appalling claims that the possession of a body makes upon human beings. It is their burden, the burden of the flesh. Joyce has the same hatreds as Swift, the same love-hatred of dirt, but in Joyce it is comedy—the comedy of guilt.

What has always struck me about *Ulysses* is its really primitive pre-occupation with the comedy of disguise. Dressing up, as if one were at some primitive tribal dance of absurd or violent masks. Sexual guilt is terrible: therefore dress it up in comic clothes. Carlyle thought the tale of man might be told by his clothes; Joyce, by the tale of the rhetoric, the words, and images in which he dresses up or hides his guilty life. His people appear clothed in their memories, their changing legends. The parodies are a part of this disguise. The question and answer chapter again projects Bloom into a fantastic abstract dimension. Procrastination, evasion, and an excruciating suspense are worked out in all these scenes. Disguise is in the puns, the sound effects, the sudden side-slips. *Ulysses* is a mine of jokes, and they are tolerable because of

the serious basis of the comedy. That is important: comedy is always serious; farce is not. Finally there is the stagey use of surrealist effects. The satire of the night town chapter brings these out. Matthew Arnold appears at the brothel window, and the figures of Philip Drunk and Philip Sober, the two Oxford dons with their lawnmower that goes clever, clever, clever all the time, is admirable. For the rest, Joyce is close to Sterne—both are rhapsodists, as I said in an earlier talk.

In a brutal, butchering, Smollett-like way, the satire of Wyndham Lewis is rhapsodist also. Being British, not Irish, its rage is didactic. Joyce revels on the split-man, and uses space-time without knowing it; Lewis—the classic reactionary satirist—goes openly to the conscious attack. His blows are powerful. In a machine age, men are machines: arms are pistons, eyes have metal shutters, men and women are robots with infantile voices, machine-made emotions, contemptible minds. Again slowness, physical close-up, the world seen by a painter who is a theorist. Lewis is very comic about the body. He treats it with the disrespect that he has learned from being a post-impressionist painter. It is machinery or it is meat. He is disrespectful to women and calls them, for example, 'vast dumping grounds for sorrow and affection, huge pawnshops in which a man deposits himself for the gold of the human heart or any other gold that happens to be lying around'. He becomes hilarious about female sentimentality and writes in an aggressive and exhibitionist style. What he has revived is really the grotesque, and that is perhaps a good deal more German than English as a tradition. Here is a passage from *Tarr* which seems to me a considerable comic novel in the Groucho-Marx vein:

She crossed her legs. The cold grape bloom mauved silk stockings ended in a dark slash each against her own two snowy stallion thighs which they bisected, visible, one above the other, in naked expanse of tempting undercut, issuing from a dead white foam of central lace worthy of the cancan exhibitionists. . .

Tarr grinned with brisk appreciation of the big full fledged baby's coquetry pointing the swinish moral under the rose and mock modesty below stairs, and he blinked as if partly dazzled. His mohammedan eye did not refuse the conventional bait; his butcher sensibility pressed his fancy into professional details, appraising 'his milky ox soon to be shambled in his slaughter box or upon his high divan. 'Sacrosanct', she said heavily, letting fall upon him a slow and sultry eye, not without a Bovril-bathos in its human depths—like all conversational cattle, it hinted!

All this strikes me, after twenty-five years, as being dulled by its own violence, and the violence comes from an exacerbated common sense. The bother was that Wyndham Lewis did not find the right subject. He confined himself to attacking Bloomsbury and the art-cult, and this fad was merely topical. What is arresting about him is his power of original, violent, and jeering generalisation, his gift for labelling and calling rude names. To call D. H. Lawrence 'Paleface' was a brilliant piece of pamphleteering abuse and fantasy. The trouble is that the persecution mania tied Mr. Lewis to small subjects and made him largely ornamental.

Influence of Ronald Firbank

Ronald Firbank's part in the explosion is smaller but, in many ways, more lasting and influential because he took the stern line of weakness, folly, and artificiality. Such people, who live in a state of hysteria and frenzy, generally turn out to be hard-headed and determined. The sheer impudence of Firbank as he composes novels out of cuttings from the Social Gossip columns, out of fashion notes, the gossip of the ballet, the scandal of imaginary monasteries, nunneries, and arch-dukeries is arresting. Out go scenes, explanations, plots, and, in their place, there are a few scraps of poetic exclamation, a large amount of real dialogue, and mixed in with it, an immense power of insinuation, a terrible irreverence mixed in with giggling, and a power of conveying melancholy and decadence and pathos. He has a universal subject: the love of fashion, its neglected but revolutionary effects. His beautiful women are all very old and licentious and dying; where vitality lies for Firbank is in the coloured races. That is a particular idea of the jazz age.

The contribution of Firbank comes chiefly, I think, from his ear for speech—common, fashionable, *cliché*-ridden, every kind of speech. He loves *clichés* and catch phrases. He loves, above all, the sense of fatality: it is a sort of hissing comedy of the bad verbal accident—in words, in taste, in manners, and so on:

'Here and there, upon the incomparable soft grey hills a light shone, like a very clear star'.

'How admirable'.

'Though to my idea', said Lady Georgia, 'the hills would undoubtedly gain if some sorrowful creature could be induced to take to them. I often long for a bent, slim figure to trail slowly along the ridge, at sundown, in an agony of regret'.

Or that scene at the Royal Palace. The Queen is nagging the King to take one more cheer.

The King, who had the air of a tired pastry cook, sat down.

'We feel', he said, 'today we've had our fill of stares'.

'One little bow, Willie', the Queen entreated. 'That wouldn't kill you'.

'We'd give perfect worlds', the King went on, 'to go by Ourselves to bed. . . . Whenever I go out I get an impression of raised hats'.

'Raised hats, sir?' said the doctor.

'Nude heads', said the King.

The archduchess is dying—the death scenes in Firbank are really sad; like life itself, in his work death is, as it were, a butterfly. And absurdity accompanies death, as it accompanies lechery, poetry, scandal, and religion. The archduchess dies like some fading perfume, and at the end of the bed a fashionable gossip writer is taking the scene down. 'Her spirit soars', writes the gossip writer, 'it is in the Champs Elysées'. The hysterical wit, put in by Firbank's disorderly, sexy, irreverent mind, does not destroy the poetic melancholy of the tales. Mortality, frivolity. The cynical ecclesiastic chases the boy round the cathedral, the behaviour of the Nuns of the Flaming Hood is marked by a devastating ingenuousness. Lost, lost, lost, all his characters seem to say. A comedy of cruelty, loss, farewell, punctuated by giggles.

And yet, under all this, as throughout English comedy of the artificial kind, there is a sort of social hardness. You can see what has happened: the pressure of the new rich, bourgeois upbringing has been too much for Firbank—he has reacted by going mad and restless. But in his mad way he is as hard and strong and ruthless as the ruthless self-made businessmen from whom he sprang.

Evelyn Waugh has told us what he owes to Firbank. The art of making up comic names like Lady Metroland and so on; and then Firbank's gift for natural speech and for the outrageous. But for Firbank speech, even when it is ridiculous, is one of the flowers of life with no purpose beyond being a flower. Waugh's working dialogue, on the contrary, has a purpose. It is pointing his satire of the modern world which he hates. Firbank taught Waugh, he taught all modern writers, drastic, impertinent economy. Leave out scenes, descriptions, linking passages. Jump forward without explanations. Never bore. There is nothing sacred. Part of Waugh is wicked fairy tale writing: *Decline and Fall*, *A Handful of Dust*, even *The Loved One*; the other part is grimly didactic—*Black Mischief* and *Put Out More Flags*. These are really clubbable comedy, but now the clubs are full of cads. Gentlemen are done for. The cads' reign begins—this is, of course, because Waugh has a romantic view of what ladies and gentlemen are like.

Outrageous Waugh

Many writers in the 'twenties were naughty, but Waugh is really outrageous: he likes to take all our sacred feelings and wipe his feet on them. Lady Southby drives her Baby Austin car down the steps of a public lavatory, in pursuit of a gentleman friend. People trade unwanted children for blackmail purposes, round the country; cocktail parties take place in the casualty ward; Basil Seal, feasting with cannibals in Africa, discovers that he has, by inadvertence, eaten his mistress, the daughter of the British Envoy. Underneath these fantasies is a curt, melancholy, disappointed tone—Mr. Waugh is half petulant, hurt child, half clubman. He has taken Wodehouse's innocent world and filled it with original sin, with malicious intent and savagery. One's mind inevitably goes to the Swift of *The Modest Proposal*, but one sees the difference immediately. Swift is really mad. He has the madman's magnifying glass in his hand, now enlarging, now diminishing life as he wishes. Waugh is far from mad. He is simply hurt. He is always clubbable. He just wants a club for those who refuse to know the Reformation socially.

The experimental and shocking elements went out of comedy after the 'twenties. Or rather, the new stress in the presentation of comic

situation is in dialogue written as close to nature as possible—two kinds of nature, however, the conscious and unconscious. Look first of all at the comedies of Henry Green. Henry Green is, I think, the only English novelist to come close to the mixture of real and fantasy life in the mind of the working man or servant in English comedy, and this is the result of brilliant observation. There is some artifice in his books; his originality lies in the fact that he watches his simple characters circle round the same subject over and over again.

Henry Green's Double Plots

Earlier in these talks we saw that a comic incident becomes more comic if it is repeated. Henry Green does not repeat comic incidents; but he has observed that there is a comic repetition in memory, in talk or fantasy life. His characters are people who are saying the same sentences or reverting to the same episodes in their lives again and again in different ways. There is a simple reason for this concern of Henry Green's. He is completely captivated by contemporary speech, not in a reportorial manner from the outside but in an imaginative and immersed way. Henry Green observed that people do not merely convey information in speaking to one another but convey it in story form: the eternal 'he said' and 'she said' of ordinary dramatic conversation. So Green's comedies have a double plot. There is the general tendency of the book and there are the two or three stories which obsess the characters of the book, and which actually slow down its movement; Green's characters are constantly circling back on their tracks to things they have often talked about before. In his novel *Loving*, there are two incidents which interrupt the main preoccupations of the characters: a maid finds the daughter of the house in bed with the Captain, a local character; and there is also the theft of a ring. I am sure that people interested in symbolism could get a lot of fun out of this episode, but in fact it is once more a classic example of the obsessional idea of comedy; that is to say, returning to a familiar theme and doing it over and over again in different ways. Green's comedies are indeed comedies of obsession—obsessive fantasy, obsessive words, and so on—set in a deceptive naturalistic pattern. He is really a writer of artificial comedy.

The triumph of dialogue over statement is marked in all contemporary fiction, and to my mind the comic writers have made much better use of natural or stylised speech than the purely naturalistic or realistic writers. The comic novelists of the sensitive disposition indeed seem to be moving towards the traditions of the restoration theatre. It is perfectly correct to call Green and Ivy Compton Burnett Congreavian; Firbank was obviously theatrical. If we take Miss Compton Burnett's novels I think it must be admitted that they have the fault of monotony; there seems no reason why they should end and we find it hard to keep their characters separate in our minds. These novels are really plays that have not been shaped. The violent action—murder, suicide, tyranny, incest, adulterous passion—is always off stage and is reduced almost to stage directions. We can regard these novels, of course, as satire on the dying remnant of the Victorian rentiers at the end of the century; they are dead because their conventions take care of every fatality. But, in fact, her people are very much alive, or, rather, they have an immense capacity for talk. They are old rationalists misanthropically consumed by moral issues, obliged to work out every moral problem bit by bit for themselves. Her people seem less to be speaking than chipping out epitaphs on their own tombstones—as if they had started by accepting their own death. They talk like brilliant skeletons brought out of their own closets. This awareness is terrifying. Life is a school . . . We are here to learn what our role is, what our moral type is, and how to behave as we bow to punishment and predestination. In a world like this, in which there is no hope, irony is the great and brilliant means of keeping people at arm's length.

The irony is of varying kinds. A great deal of it is epigrammatic. The butler speaks to the pantry boy:

'You may not yet know, George', said Bullivant, 'that where a lady's feelings are concerned, the matter is regarded as non-existent if it should happen not to be tending towards a climax'.

That line comes straight out of artificial comedy in the theatre—from Congreve, from Wilde, even from Somerset Maugham. It is an epigram spoken out of character in the novelist's own voice and if there is monotony in this writer it is because perhaps one does notice too much the same voice speaking.

But if these novels are plays from which the action has been decanted, leaving only the lees of exhausted and bitter reflection on the human comedy, they do contain one or two characters who act at once and who

are passionately involved before our eyes—the children. They contain, indeed, the only instances of creative hope and belief in life. It is an interesting fact about these children that, in one of the novels, they are seen making one of their own myths and worshipping an imaginary god whom they address in what used to be called a purely expressionist manner. These children are terrifying because, by their brilliant insight, Miss Burnett has made them speak in precisely the same language as the adults—that is to say in the formal language of adult moralists. We laugh (as we do throughout all comedy) at the incongruity between emotion and emotional behaviour, between life and knowledge of life.

The purely social irony in these novels has often recalled the irony of Jane Austen; there is the same acerbity though hardly the same grace; and, like Jane Austen, Miss Burnett is a militant writer. But the great difference between these two ladies is fundamental. Miss Burnett uses plots that are close to those of Greek drama. We are always seeing Miss Burnett's characters morally naked and shamelessly suicidal. They are children of fate. Of someone about to die a character says:

This waiting on the brink of the abyss can't have much to recommend it.

The cold reply is:

Well it's so very like ordinary life.

Of experience someone says:

Experience has done something for us. But it has destroyed our natural feeling and now we have to fabricate it—the dying are judges of the real thing.

Impersonal, lapidary, violent, these might be called the comedies of Rationalist courage.

For all this austerity and brain, Miss Burnett manages the familiar subjects of comedy—things like the disguises and changes of personality we all go through and the simple triangle drama—with great spirit and originality. A husband turns his wife's lover out of the house and then feels in the wrong and asks him back because his children have turned against him. The ironic fact is that the father has become a reformed character too late and is aware that his virtue has made his children hate him and feel remorse for their hatred. The following dialogue ensues.

The father says

How would you bear yourself in my strange place?

The cousins say

Well, we are all the victims of circumstances. I suppose therefore I would bear myself as a victim. And I think that is what you are doing.

Would you cast off your sons and never again utter their names?

No, that would mean that the truth would emerge. And people tend to think that we deserve what happens to us.

I suppose they always know that they deserve it themselves.

Of course I do not mean that you deserved it, but people never know how exceptional we are. They themselves are so commonplace.

One of Miss Compton Burnett's characters remarks that it is a terrible thing to have a masculine mind. I have made a rather arbitrary distinction between the masculine and feminine forms of English comedy, calling the one sane and animal, and the other mad, sensitive and intellectual. I have only two writers left. Joyce Cary and Anthony Powell. In them we see a powerful break with the feminine tradition.

Revival of an Eighteenth-century Tradition

Joyce Cary in some of his early books revives the tradition of Fielding and of Smollett. He is an Irish writer and perhaps he is able to do this because the eighteenth century has been kept alive for so long in Irish writing, life, and speech. To some extent, many of his characters do not seem to be English at all for they are so immensely headlong and loquacious. They belong to the Irish tradition of literary self-intoxication. But there is no mistaking the variety and the energy of his people who come pouring out and who have a wonderful capacity for getting into an intense amount of personal complication and trouble. Cary at his best is a brilliant storyteller with the gift for springing genuine surprises. It is a great surprise, for example, at the beginning of *The Horse's Mouth* to discover that the chief character in that book, the painter Jimson who is behaving so extravagantly in the streets, is not a young blade but a very old, incurably sinful man. Again, in the same book, we think we know everything about this sinner's love affairs, but it is not until the end, that we hear in vivid detail of his seduction of Rozzie, the barmaid, which had occurred at least thirty years before, and the incident is placed here in order to add one more touch to Jimson's evasive relations with his crooked, sloppy, and sly old wife in old age.

Cary's comedy is not farce. The extraordinary incidents are perfectly probable and real because the characters are real. In fact Cary is using Fielding's doctrine—that comedy arises out of true observation of nature. Another point is that, like so many of the best comic writers, Cary has a serious view of life. Indeed, *because* he has a serious view, the inadequacy and ambiguities of human behaviour seem comical by contrast. His view might be briefly summed up as the good old Protestant ethic without a moment of Puritanism in it. You had better believe in something and have the guts and cleverness to cadge your way along, have your cake and eat it, and justify hypocrisy by anyway saying you were trying. It is indispensable to believe, it is natural to lapse.

'Intensely English' Anthony Powell

My other writer, Anthony Powell, is as thoroughly English as Cary is fundamentally Anglo-Irish. In talking about Powell I am thinking almost exclusively of his three last books which make a marked break with his much earlier work. These later books are written in a studied, sententious, and designedly verbose manner. One might describe them as Wodehouse rewritten by Proust. He is concerned to give a picture of English upper-class society from the 'twenties onwards; and to record the process perhaps by which one grows into the attitude of expecting absolutely nothing from life. One would say that Powell despised sensibility, that he regarded the intellect, intelligence, and social experience as indispensable and far superior guides to experience. The result is something very English; he catches the sense of ennui, boredom, and emotional defeat which must be fundamental in people who make such instinctive sacrifices to social usage and to making life work. He catches exactly that mysterious quality in English life which makes people shut themselves up in themselves and drives the more spirited to eccentricity. His comedy is purposely slow-moving and heavily underlined with comments.

There are, for example, a group of barrel-organ players in a North Country town who have been there for years and who are known as 'the orphans'. Mr. Powell makes the following comment on their name:

The postulation rested wholly on the handicap of loss of parents, which because the youngest of the orphans must have been at least forty years of age, was in their case presumed to have persisted into early middle life.

Scenes of horseplay, practical jokes, the exploitation of social snobbery, an unromantic attitude to women, a dry and perfunctory attitude to love, are elements that Mr. Powell has in common with the English masculine tradition. In the priggish careerist called Widmerpool he has, one could almost say, taken Fielding's Blifil and made him a major character. But Powell's original contribution to our comedy is his exploitation of detail and slowness. The slower, the deadlier. There is a very long scene, wildly funny, in which a debutante decides to take it out of the unpleasant Widmerpool and humiliate him publicly at a dance by pouring sugar on him.

She turned to the sideboard that stood by our table, upon which plates, dishes, decanters, and bottles had been placed out of the way before removal. Among this residue stood an enormous sugar castor topped with a heavy silver nozzle. Barbara must suddenly have conceived the idea of sprinkling a few grains of this sugar over Widmerpool, as if in literal application of her theory that he 'needed sweetening', because she picked up this receptacle and shook it over him. For some reason, perhaps because it was so full, no sugar at first sprayed out. Barbara now tipped the castor so that it was poised vertically over Widmerpool's head, holding it there like the sword of Damocles above the tyrant. However, unlike the merely minatory quiescence of that normally inactive weapon, a state of dispensation was not in this case maintained, and suddenly, without the slightest warning, the massive silver apex of the castor dropped from its base, as if severed by the slash of some invisible machinery, and crashed heavily to the floor; the sugar pouring on to Widmerpool's head in a dense and overwhelming cascade.

More from surprise than because she wished additionally to torment him, Barbara did not remove her hand before the whole contents of the vessel—which voided itself in an instant of time—had descended upon his head and shoulders, covering him with sugar more completely than might have been thought possible in so brief a space. Widmerpool's rather sparse hair had been liberally greased with a dressing—the sweetish smell of which I remembered as somewhat disagreeable when applied in France—this lubricant retaining the grains of sugar, which, as they adhered thickly to his skull, gave him the appearance of having

(continued on page 1053)

NEWS DIARY

June 9-15

Wednesday, June 9

Geneva Conference holds open session on Indo-China

Foreign Affairs Committee of the French National Assembly votes against ratifying the E.D.C. treaty

The cruiser *Newfoundland* carries out two bombardments against communist camps in northern Malaya

Thursday, June 10

Mr. Eden and Mr. Molotov address the Geneva Conference on the subject of Indo-China

An unofficial committee of railway footplate men in the East and North-east Regions of British Railways recommend Sunday strikes in favour of the total abolition of lodging turns

Friday, June 11

Geneva Conference holds open session on Korea

In a speech at Los Angeles Mr. Dulles explains the conditions under which the United States might be prepared to intervene in Indo-China

Saturday, June 12

M. Laniel offers his resignation to the President of the French Republic after his Government was narrowly defeated in the National Assembly on a question of confidence

Mr. Eden has a long talk with Mr. Molotov in an attempt to resolve the stalemate over Indo-China

The London area has its wettest June for thirty years

Sunday, June 13

The French President accepts M. Laniel's resignation and holds consultations with M. Pierre Mendès-France, the left-wing Radical leader

Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S., returns to London after taking part in five-power staff talks in Washington

Meetings of train crews at Newcastle and York reject proposal for protest strikes on Sunday against lodging turns

Monday, June 14

Mr. Molotov puts forward proposals on armistice commission for Indo-China

Dr. Malan fails to obtain necessary majority for Representation of Voters Bill in South Africa

Agricultural Wages Board reject workers' claim for wage increase

Tuesday, June 15

Geneva Conference holds another open session on Korea

Prime Minister and Mr. Eden to visit Washington later in month

Death of Lord Camrose, proprietor of *The Daily Telegraph*



The scene on Horse Guards Parade on June 10, the Queen's official birthday, as Her Majesty took the salute at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour



On June 14, Sir Winston Churchill was installed as a Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The photograph shows him, wearing the insignia of the Order with which he had been invested by the Queen earlier in the day, leaving the chapel after the service. Mrs. Churchill is on the right

Right: a wintry scene at the White City Stadium last Saturday when the athletics meeting between Oxford and Cambridge and Cornell and Pennsylvania universities took place in pouring rain. These competitors are taking part in the three-mile event. The meeting was won by the American universities by nine events to six



Her Majesty inspects the Trooping the Colour on June 10





Paul Ely (right), the new French Commissioner-General and Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China, arriving in Saigon last week. With General Ely are, left, General Salan, his military assistant, M. Dejean, the retiring Commander-General, and General Navarre, the retiring Commander-in-Chief



A photograph taken in the French National Assembly on June 12 when M. Laniel's government was defeated on a vote of confidence over policy in Indo-China. On the front bench are, left to right, M. Laniel, M. Bidault, Foreign Minister, and M. Reynaud, Deputy Prime Minister



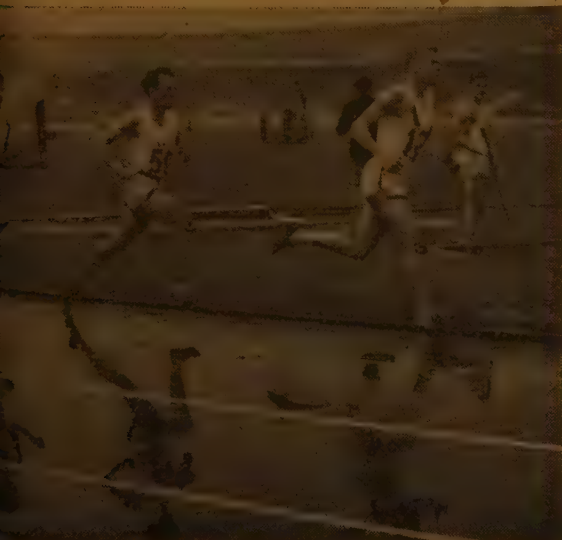
Review of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve on Horse Guards (which took place in heavy rain) marked the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the R.N.V.R.



Arthur Greenwood, the veteran Labour Party leader, who died on June 9, aged seventy-four. Minister of Health in the second Labour Government of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, he became deputy leader of the party in 1935. In the war-time coalition government he was Minister without Portfolio, in charge of post-war reconstruction. After Labour's return to power in 1945 Mr. Greenwood became Lord Privy Seal and later Paymaster-General. He was elected Chairman of the Labour Party in 1952



Recipients of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge on June 10: Lord Goddard, Lord Chief Justice; the Marquess of Salisbury (nearer camera); Miss Ruth Draper, the American actress; and Sir Edward Bridges, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury



Blundell's Old School at Tiverton, Devon, which has been given to the National Trust by the Governing Body of Blundell's. The Old School (built in 1604) was given up in 1882 when the present school buildings were erected; it is an interesting example of a seventeenth-century grammar school

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'OUT OF PEDIGREE
COMES PACE'



(continued from page 1049)

turned white with shock at a single stroke; which, judging by what could be seen of his expression, he might very well in reality have done underneath the glittering incrustations that enveloped his head and shoulders. He had writhed sideways to avoid the downpour, and a cataract of sugar had entered the space between neck and collar; yet another jet streaming between eyes and spectacles.

That is the comedy of explaining everything, and Mr. Powell has brought to comedy the temperament of the historian who does not even trouble to state that he has no hope. It is possibly that wound that lies at the bottom of his comic sense.

I would like before I come to the end of these talks to reaffirm the chief point I made at the beginning. It is this: that the comic sensibility lies at the centre of our literature. It is not a device for giving light relief but expresses a positive moral empiricism and, even more, a

positive poetic spirit—in Dryden's sense: that it is not expressed in literal poetry but represents 'the theft of poets from mankind'. For historical and psychological reasons English life has for several hundred years depended on compromise and the repression of passion, on sacrifice of the individual to various canons of social behaviour. We respect, reluctantly, the way of the world and yet, instinctively, we choose it. Our comic sense is at once the poetic protest against our compromises and the moods which hang like clouds over our defeats. We shelter therefore the life of the individual behind irony, the ribald, the right to be mad, to be extravagant, to be eccentric. The insistence on the comedy of class and snobbery which runs through all our novels is an example of how immensely powerful our sense of people living together is, of how hard and cruel it is, too, and what a difficulty that creates for man in his solitude, man living alone. We laugh, as we write lyrical poetry, because of the pressure put upon us.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

How the Hydrogen Bomb Works

Sir,—Mrs. Howorth expresses surprise at the lack of knowledge of world politics, and the small regard for suffering shown by Professor Lonsdale. May I be allowed to express greater surprise at the complete ignorance of the teaching and work of our Lord Jesus Christ that Mrs. Howorth exhibits?

To write that there are still in England enough who believe in Christianity to fight for it, just staggers me. Mrs. Howorth cannot have read a single line of the New Testament, nor can she have the faintest idea of the purpose of Christ's coming into the world. Christianity and war are utterly and entirely incompatible, and no amount of argument can make them compatible. Nor does this incompatibility rest upon isolated texts such as 'My kingdom is not of this world; if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight'; but upon the whole teaching from beginning to end, of the Gospel.—Yours, etc.,

R. G. F. WADDINGTON
Canon of Bradford

Sir,—Mrs. Howorth's political insight (as opposed to Professor Lonsdale's ignorance) has not apparently led her to wonder why we bother with civil defence at all when all our most distinguished politicians assure us that we are investing millions of pounds in nuclear weapons because the hydrogen bomb is such a powerful deterrent to war that we shall never have another.

It is of course unthinkable that Sir Winston Churchill should also be a target for Mrs. Howorth's charges of ingratitude, although he emphasised in the House of Commons on December 6, 1951, that the establishment of a U.S. Air Base in East Anglia in July 1948 for the use of atomic weapons had placed Britain in the front line.

Mrs. Howorth's astonishment at Professor Lonsdale's 'so small regard for the safety and suffering of her fellow men and women' shows how completely she has missed the point that money spent on Civil Defence might be more usefully spent in relieving present existing suffering rather than on preparations to relieve possible future suffering. Indeed, C. S. Lewis makes Screwtape remind the young tempter that 'there is nothing like suspense and anxiety for barricading a human's mind against The Enemy. He wants men to be concerned with what they do; our business is to keep them thinking about what will happen to them'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 H. J. GRENVILLE-WELLS

Israel and the Arabs

Sir,—Mr. Deighton (THE LISTENER, May 13) has made a very valuable contribution to understanding the Israel-Arab problem in pointing out that Arab intransigence is basically due to Arab fear of white supremacy as represented by Israel, but he seems to be on less certain ground as regards other considerations. For instance, I do not know how he bases his claim that Israel was Arab territory for more than 1,000 years. The Arab conquest took place in A.D. 634 and persisted for 437 years until 1071, after which the land fell into the hands of various peoples, including Kurds, the Crusaders, the Egyptian Mamelukes, and the Turks, until the British Mandate came about in recent times. Extensive Arab immigration (but not rule) occurred only after the start of modern Jewish colonisation brought renewed prosperity to the desolate waste land at the end of last century. Neither the modern descendants of the Romans, who ousted the Jews after they had indeed ruled the land for over 1,000 years, nor the Turks have made any recent claim to the area, although they may both be conceived as having a more definite claim to it than the Arabs.

Owing to their extraordinary survival ('a fossilised remnant of the ancient Syriac civilisation', as Toynbee calls them) and their unique sufferings, the Jews do seem to be a rather special people—and since Mohammedanism is approximately as much derived from Judaism as Christianity is, it is not clear why the Arabs should be any less sympathetic than the Christians. Moreover, Zionism, as a form of nationalism, is hardly similar to the others. There has been no similar case in history to the extra-territoriality of the Jewish people, and if Zionism is a nationalism, it is one which imposes remarkable duties towards the rest of the world, for its culmination is conceived on the basis of the Isaiaic vision of the nations flowing in peace to Jerusalem.

Consequently, there is no theoretical reason why the self-resentment of Arab backwardness (due, of course, to the still-prevailing feudal structure of Arab society) should not be broken down by co-operation with Israel as the fountainhead of white culture (but not supremacy) in the Middle East. The only final solution is at least a confederation, and preferably a real federation, of the entire area. Israel's sincere desire for peace and complete non-expansiveness have been expressed many times, but there is no hope of the Arabs believing them until the Great Powers cease competitive arming of the two sides and make it quite clear they will not countenance

any further Arab invasion of Israel such as is still continually threatened by Arab spokesmen. American arming of Iraq, through fear of Russian expansionism, if continued as a policy, could finally drive Israel herself into the arms of Russia—and the Middle East would not be worth much to the west after that. Statesmanship demands an orientation towards the ultimate aim of a semitic federation: instead, blind fear of Russia is splitting the area ever more deeply so that, in the end, the Soviets can collect the pieces without difficulty. If, as Mr. Deighton suggests, the west can do no better, then it must be admitted that the Arabs have the whip hand and I, for one, would not call their nationalism such a failure after all.

Yours, etc.,

Haifa AVRAHAM C. BEN-YOSEF

The Development of Soviet Law

Sir,—Mr. Sherwood Eddy and his American investigators, Sir John Maynard and many others I could mention, who inspected the alleged 'famine areas' of the U.S.S.R. in the early summer of 1933 did so after the tours by Mr. Jasny's hostile witnesses. All followed up the charges made, and all found what still other foreign resident journalists told the Webbs (*Soviet Communism*, I. 260)—no famine, but some local shortages and hardship, relieved as soon as practicable. A British M.P. was at Kiev the week after famine conditions had been reported there: the story proved a gross falsehood. Another, a Canadian editor, had been assured there was cannibalism: he visited the district concerned, and found it was an invention. A third, after spending two months travelling in the U.S.S.R., wrote, of the stories of peasants 'dying by the million', that he supposed the people he had seen were 'a specially fattened troupe transported from place to place by Stalin and his cronies', for his benefit. To dismiss all this evidence as 'conducted tours' and Potemkin methods is as unconvincing as it is offensive. Moreover, to make Stalin responsible for the 1931 drought in the grain provinces and the 1932 torrential rains, 'as everything else', may have passed muster across the Atlantic, but Mr. Jasny must do better here.

'The period from 1930 to 1932-33 must be regarded as a unit', he writes. Agreed. During this period, with an average annual grain output of just under 78,000,000 tons (Baykov, *Development of the Soviet Economic System*, 325), grain exports averaging 2.84 million tons (Bakulin and Mishustin, *Foreign Trade of the U.S.S.R.*, 1939, page 35) and an average popula-

GUINNESS VARIETY PROGRAMME

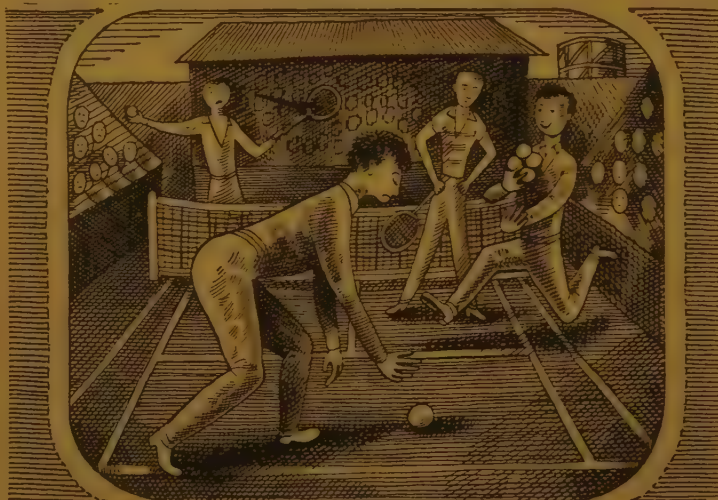
William of Wimbledon

Behold me, most nimble of ball-boys on Wimble-

Don's Centre Court, darting about it!

I owe all my speed and my legerdepied

To Guinness — I'm gormless without it.



You would never suspect I could only collect

One ball while the others got four,

Nor how they made game of it (think of the shame of it!)

When stars were kept waiting for more.

So I thank that old groundsman, whose vigour astounds men

Far younger than he, but less cunning,

Who told me at length that a Guinness (for strength)

Would keep even *me* in the running.

LIFE IS BRIGHTER AFTER GUINNESS



tion, on Dr. Lorimer's conjecture, of 157,000,000, the yearly grain surplus retained was 9.55 cwt. per head. In 1928 the same sources show the net retained surplus was 9.57 cwt. So the tremendous agrarian revolution and exports to procure resources for buying machinery, in 1930-33, involved a temporary average decline of about 2 lb. per head per annum. Mr. Jasny cannot construct even a statistical famine out of that.

Mr. Clark wants not only to put questions but to dictate my answers—a curious pretension, which I must beg his leave not to comply with. Vital statistics were not published after 1930—but the explanations advanced by Mr. Clark are not the only ones possible. The census begun in 1937 was cancelled before completion. The census taken in 1939 showed a population figure only 2,000,000 more than that which Stalin gave in January, 1934. But even Dr. Lorimer's tables do not suggest that 'for some period in the nineteen-thirties the number of deaths was equal to or exceeded the number of births': they show throughout a substantial excess of births over deaths (*The Population of the Soviet Union*, page 134). The discrepancy occurred not only in the figures of January, 1934, moreover, but also in those of the State Planning Commission (*Second Five Year Plan*) published in 1937. The fact is that both Stalin and the State Planning Commission, of course, had to use figures supplied by the Central Board of Economic Statistics, a department of the Commission and the body responsible for organising the census. Obviously its figures were wrong on both occasions, and this shows that the machinery of the Soviet planned economy in those years was still very imperfect. Whoever denied this? Mr. Clark's simple explanation, that 'Stalin was a liar', belongs to the same category as Mr. Jasny's 'conducted eyewitnesses'.

In reply to Mr. Myronenko: the population of the Ukraine (where a real famine would have made no distinction of nationality) did not decrease between the 1926 and 1939 censuses by 2,000,000: it increased by nearly the same figure—from 29,043,000 to 30,960,000 (Lorimer, *op. cit.*, 162). Your correspondent has doubtless overlooked that in the 1939 census persons were invited to indicate as their nationality, not necessarily their 'ethnic group' (as in 1926), but that with which they felt themselves and their children 'most closely identified'. As Dr. Lorimer commented (*op. cit.*, 139), 'the decrease in the number of persons reported as Ukrainian was probably due in the main to increasing identification with the Russians, especially in the case of Ukrainians living in the R.S.F.S.R.'. It is a pity that your correspondent also has to fall back on charges that those whose evidence he doesn't like were 'communist fellow-travellers'.—Yours, etc.,
London, N.6

ANDREW ROTHSTEIN

Sir,—Messrs. Jasny and Myronenko apparently think that I deny the fact of mass starvation in the Soviet Union in the nineteen-thirties. The only explanation for such a ludicrous assumption appears to be that they have not read what I wrote. I did not deal with this question at all. It has no connection with my talk. I only referred to a quotation from Chamberlain in which he accused the Soviet Government with 'planning the famines so as to attempt to associate in the peasant's mind hunger and refusal to join the co-operative movement'. If disagreement with such a silly statement can be construed as a denial of the fact of mass starvation I can only say that I am glad that my mind does not work in unison with Messrs. Jasny, Myronenko, and Co.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.3

A. J. HALPERN

Sir,—Professor Hazard's views on the 1933 famine seem quite clear. On page 139 he states in consecutive sentences:

At this time severe famines occurred in some of the regions of the country, and the government took only inadequate measures to deal with them. Some foreign authors have charged the government not only with welcoming these famines but even with planning them so as to attempt to associate in the peasant mind hunger and refusal to join the co-operative movement.

He is evidently willing to charge the government with acts of omission, but not with acts of commission, in connection with the famine.

In *Russian Purge and the Extraction of Confession* (a book to which Professor Hazard refers his readers for further information on the matter he deals with on page 89) Beck and Godin point out on page 82:

There had been a famine, in 1921, the result of the chaos caused by the civil war and that year's great drought and bad harvest. Yet popular feeling about the 1933 famine was quite different. The famine of 1921 was regarded as the result of natural causes and circumstances beyond anybody's control. But the famine of 1933 was caused solely by the regime's administrative measures, the forcible collection of the previous year's harvest, the inadequate cultivation of the land and the compulsory dispossession and eviction of a large part of the peasantry under the slogan of 'liquidating the kulaks'. The fact that a large part of the urban working class was of country origin, that nearly every worker still had relatives on the land and knew what happened to them, though the famine was officially kept secret, produced a lasting indignation among the workers, though succeeding years brought about an improvement in the situation.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1
Hon. Secretary, British Free Russia Movement
[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR,
THE LISTENER]

What Is There in Horse Racing?

Sir,—Professor Wisdom's reflections on the Derby (*THE LISTENER*, June 10) are on the whole free of the puritanism by which most of us are, in degree, afflicted, and for this reason I am somewhat puzzled by his sneer at greyhound racing. 'We all', he says, 'know those depressing crowds under the back of the stands at the dog-race meetings. They can't see the racing because they haven't time to leave the betting queues'.

The implication in what I have quoted is unjust and untrue. There are good sportsmen at 'the dogs' as at horse races; a fact proved if only by the greatly increased attendances when the best dogs in the country are running. Again, and more importantly, dog-racing is a social asset. People meet and become friends—poor and lonely people, some of them, who might otherwise never have the opportunity. As one with nearly twenty years' experience of the tracks, I can claim to speak with some authority.

As to gambling *qua* gambling, it may not have occurred to many moralists that greyhound racing is a form of Arabian Nights' entertainment. There must be tens of thousands of families to whom the weekly pay-packet is a very rigid affair. Few have prospects of more elastic circumstances through the demise of well-to-do relatives or friends. The odds against them in the football pools are ludicrous in the eyes of the more experienced gambler.

But, for a couple of shillings, men and women can enter the city of Bagdad during most nights in the week, and there risk as much as they can afford to spend, or elect to spend, with a prospect of winning several pounds. Withal, they have two hours or so in a whirl of excitement which enables them to forget awhile an everyday life that is, for many of them, sheer drudgery.

Greyhound racing would perhaps be more properly described as a distraction, but it is a more healthy form of distraction than much that comes out of Hollywood.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.3

HENRY SAVAGE

Our Parish Churches

Sir,—May I comment on three points in Mr. Alec Clifton-Taylor's review of *The English Mediaeval Parish Church* (*THE LISTENER*, June 10)?

I was surprised to learn that the drinking of 'the rinsings of the chalice' by the priest at Mass was something 'that at one time ritual required'. The ceremony is known as the ablutions and is ordered by the *Missale Romanum* just as it is implicit in the *Book of Common Prayer*. It takes place after the act of Communion and is dictated by the reverence which should follow naturally from an acceptance of the traditional eucharistic beliefs of Christendom. It is also the custom in the Eastern Churches.

Once again, an acceptance of traditional eucharistic belief suggests that the chantry system is not best described as 'the parrot-recital of soul masses'. It may be admitted that there were certain abuses in the later Middle Ages concerning the chantry system. But the pleading of the Holy Sacrifice for the living and the dead as a daily act is the core of western liturgical devotion and the underlying justification for the chantry system despite any abuse to which it could be put.

The altar-slab is still customary in both Roman and Anglican Churches and is still consecrated in the manner decreed by Pope Innocent III. Symbolism is a wide subject and is open to abuse but the tradition of Christian art suggests that it certainly has a place in ecclesiology, whilst a sacramental belief that God manifests His nature through created forms underlies traditional Christian theology and is the justification of symbolism.

It certainly seems a pity to discuss the subject of the parish church from the angle of art and to ignore the fact that it has come into being for an entirely different purpose or to overlook the further fact that the theological belief from which both architecture and liturgical form arose, is at least capable of rational defence.

Yours, etc.,

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT
London, S.W.7

'Pinorman'

Sir,—If the people who would present Norman Douglas as an immaculate saint are not figments of Mr. Aldington's imagination (*THE LISTENER*, June 10), who are they? Not I for one, nor anybody I know.

I do not necessarily challenge the facts in this book, though some clearly need investigation, and the author himself occasionally puts in a caution. Yet he has not restrained himself from an interpretation of fact and allegation which I do challenge emphatically. It would be a long business, but something may be said now, for example, of the final summing up. Here (page 205) the author says of Douglas that 'on his own showing (and all honour to him for truth-telling here) he was a bum, a sponge, a cadger, a borrower, even a swindler . . .'. This is monstrously severe anyhow, and is, I would say, an abusive generalisation which is not warranted by Douglas' confession of certain episodes. I hope I am not being self important when I say that in the course of twenty years, amid many fluctuations of fortune, he did not, in my experience, behave like that. That future biographer for whom Mr. Aldington has put himself out so zealously, is advised to look a great deal further before he writes his story.—Yours, etc.,
London, W.2

D. M. Low

Calamities in the Opera House

By SIR GEORGE STUART ROBERTSON

OPERA, unless it is comic opera, and sometimes even then, is a serious business, but somehow cheerfulness keeps breaking in. In 'Rigoletto', for instance, not long ago the Duke of Mantua swallowed his moustache, without any immediate effect on '*Questa o quella*', and there is a precedent for this. When Rameau's 'Castor and Pollux' was produced at Oxford one of the divine characters swallowed his beard but he was immediately put out of action.

'Tannhäuser' seems to lend itself particularly to stage mishaps. At the end of the first scene Venus throws herself on to a sofa which is pulled off with a rope. At any rate, that is what used to be the practice at Covent Garden. A young friend of mine, singing Venus for the first time, found herself too far away from the furniture, which began to move. She made a wild dash to catch the bus, flung herself on to it, and bounced up and down like a feather-weight, which she was not. The sofa must have been too highly sprung, or strung, or springed, whichever is the right word, like the cauldron in Halévy's 'La Juive'. There, it may be remembered, in the last scene Rachel is flung into a vessel of boiling oil. In order to let her down gently, there was a powerful spring at the bottom of the receptacle, which on one occasion pitched her out again on to the stage. This must have deprived the old Jew, Eleazar, of the pleasure of explaining to the wicked Cardinal that the latter had managed to boil his own daughter. He was left in the position of Richard III in a provincial performance of Colley Cibber's version of the play of that name. The messenger ought to have announced, 'My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is ta'en', giving Richard his opportunity for the celebrated line, 'Off with his head, so much for Buckingham'. But the messenger anticipatorily added: 'And they've cut off his head', and Richard could only snarl: 'Oh, they've ave, ave they. And you've gone and spoilt the 'ole — performance'.

In 'Tannhäuser' on another occasion I saw Venus safely ensconced on the sofa, but they forgot to pull the rope. Consequently, when the scene changed she was still on the sofa in the middle of the Wartburg valley, to the great surprise of the shepherd boy, the Landgrave, and the pack of hounds. As for Venus, she felt so shy that she put her head under the pillow. Then two flunkys in red coats and white stockings arrived and carried out the sofa with the goddess on it with her head still under the pillow.

They used to do in Germany, and I hope they do still, a parody of 'Tannhäuser', in which both words and music were made fun of. The second time I heard this was at Nuremberg during the Bayreuth Festival, where it was given complete with fanfares outside the theatre and an invisible orchestra, or, rather, a visible orchestra with a large placard: 'This orchestra is invisible'. The plot, as far as I remember it, was that Venus kept a public house out of which Tannhäuser was ejected at midnight, and was allowed back only when he had lost his voice. He tried to do this by singing many of the best-known tenor airs, and finally succeeded with 'Durch die Wälder' from 'Der Freischütz' set to a terrific Wagnerian accompaniment. I also remember that Elisabeth was a shocking little minx, and that the shepherd boy who plays the pipe in Act I, Scene 2, was replaced by a very hairy ruffian with an outside double bassoon, from which he poured out about a gallon of water when he had finished.

After 'Tannhäuser', 'Lohengrin'. At the end of the opera the Swan disappears and Elsa's little brother pops up. It will be remembered that the brother had been transformed into the Swan by magic, and was then, rather unkindly, used by the Knights of the Grail for haulage

purposes. Lohengrin's boat is then towed away by a dove. But on one occasion at Covent Garden I saw the Swan refuse to disappear. Lohengrin went up and kicked it ferociously, but the Swan still stuck. In spite of this the little boy emerged and, as he deserved, caught his foot in a rope and fell on his nose.

Even Bayreuth was not exempt from these little contretemps. In the

first scene of Act III of 'Götterdämmerung' the three Rhine daughters were raised and lowered on a long plank, but on one occasion when I was there, the superior weight of Flosshilde pushed her end downwards, so that the poor thing had to go on singing with her mouth under water. But Wagner himself is responsible for another absurdity: Fricka's ram-drawn chariot, now, I believe, happily abolished. One could not believe that those cheerful animals ever 'groaned with anguish', as Brünnhilde says, under Fricka's whip. At any rate they looked cheerful enough when one met them behind the scenes, and when you tapped them on the nose they wagged their foolish heads.

In 'Parsifal' in the old days—not now perhaps—the Knights in Act I were all provided with a large breakfast roll, which they were supposed to eat while they were singing. Of course they could not, so the receptacle was provided inside their gowns, and when they left the stage each Knight had a large bulge on the left-hand side where the roll was reposing in an inner

pocket. Again, when the Grail was illuminated from heaven at the end of the drama and the dove came wobbling down on its string, there was a green electric-light wire across Parsifal's red robe, so that it was all too obvious where the illumination really came from.

Let me now turn to non-German opera. Highlanders are a picturesque stage asset. I can remember three operas where they are employed. Boieldieu's 'Dame Blanche' has them, and in Saint-Saëns' 'Henry VIII' Cardinal Wolsey keeps a tame party of them, who perform more or less highland dances on the top of Richmond Hill. Worse still, I am credibly informed that at a performance of 'Lucia di Lammermoor' in Italy all the Highlanders in the chorus wore their sporrans over their backsides. The Lord Chamberlain would surely have had something to say if it had happened at Covent Garden, where he has done some other odd things. Sir Thomas Beecham has told us about that official's efforts with regard to Strauss' 'Salome'. He insisted on drastic alterations in the German text, and attended the performance. But, on

the night, the singer, one and all returned to the original version. Sir Thomas was horrified, but the Lord Chamberlain was quite unconscious that anything was wrong, and congratulated him on the way in which his directions had been obeyed. But he also took a hand in an earlier opera on the same subject, Massenet's 'Hérodiade'. Here he insisted on changing the name to 'Hésotoade', a strange



'She made a wild dash to catch the bus...'



'...hard to address endearing words to a bowl of blood'

concoction. He also changed the scene to Ethiopia, but omitted to change the text, so we heard the happy Ethiops addressed as '*peuple Juif*', and, to make their origin still clearer, they displayed the seven-branched candlestick in their temple. The Baptist's head has always been a stumbling-block, but to substitute a compulsory bowl of blood seems to put an unnecessary handicap on Salomé's final effort. It is hard to address endearing words to a bowl of blood.

Animals, too, must be reckoned among operatic absurdities and Wagner is most to blame. There is the ridiculous snake in '*Das Rheingold*', as in '*Die Zauberflöte*', the toad in '*Das Rheingold*' which we are never allowed to see, the bear in '*Siegfried*', and the two ravens in '*Götterdämmerung*'. I may add the owl with the fiery eyes in '*Der Freischütz*' and the human bear in Wagner's son's opera '*Der Bärenhäuter*', and, to go back to the early eighteenth century, the sparrows in '*Rinaldo*' and the pantomime lion in '*Hydaspès*'.

I have already mentioned two doves and a swan. There is also another swan, the stuffed bird that Parsifal bags with his little arrow. And there is Fafner as a dragon, who is too comfortable to put up anything of a fight. The first dragon was made in London and shipped to Beyrout in Lebanon by mistake. Beyreuth managed to recover most of him except his head, but the resulting pastiche must have been even funnier than the complete dragon would have been.

Then there are the horses. Some of you may recall the piebald beast that used to march round and round at Covent Garden, particularly in the soldiers' entrance and chorus in Gounod's '*Faust*'. If you want to make the audience think that they are seeing a long procession of horses, when you have only six, you should not include an unmistakable animal like him.

The hero in '*Rienzi*' at Dresden used to appear very uncomfortably on horseback, but against him we may set off Chaliapin's terrific entry on a horse in '*Pskovityanka*', usually re-christened '*Ivan the Terrible*'. Most important of all stage horses is poor old Grane, who usually looks as little like a celestial steed as a horse could look, and I once saw him misbehave in such a way, when he first saw the Gibichungs, that Siegfried's boat was put out of action, and he must have had to borrow one of Gunther's to fetch Brünnhilde. But he always looks so gloomy I feel he must be anticipating his fiery end and he has never had the satisfaction of meeting it with his mistress on his back since Frau Vogl left the stage, though Miss Lawrence is said to have emulated her in America. But the Grane that Frau Vogl rode into the flames was, it seems, no ordinary stage hack. He was the favourite mount of King Ludwig II of Bavaria, Wagner's patron, in his youth, and was later put on the payroll of the Munich Opera. He seems to have been a very intelligent animal and posed with much skill and dignity for an equestrian statue of the king. But I have met another intelligent Grane. I was standing in Hart Street (now Floral Street) between Acts II and III of '*Götterdämmerung*' and saw Grane emerge from the opera house and trot away down Bow Street. He may have had the additional desire, which I shared with him, to get away from hearing the lady who was singing Brünnhilde. I followed him down the Strand and said to the policeman at the crossing: 'Do you see that horse? He's a magic horse'. Fortunately at that moment a breathless attendant arrived from the theatre, and Grane was hauled back to Brünnhilde and cremation.

Random Absurdities

Here are three more random absurdities. At the original performance of Paderewski's '*Manru*', which took place at Dresden, I remember with particular pleasure the great baritone Scheidemann, as the village idiot, standing down by the footlights and pelting the female chorus with potatoes out of a tin bucket. He was usually engaged in more serious matters, but he obviously enjoyed himself.

Pollio is the rather absurd hero of '*Norma*'. His cognomen, if you remember your Latin, was most appropriately Asinius. As he was a Roman General with his noble legs exposed, and his real legs were not so noble as they should have been, he had padded his calves, but in the course of the evening the pads slipped round to the front and padded his shins and there was nothing he could do about it. It reminds me of Spohr's story of a concert preceded by a heavy banquet. The solo violinist had eaten so much that his belt broke. In the first two movements of his concerto it was not so bad, as there were intervals when he could temporarily postpone disaster, but in the last movement, where he was continuously engaged, his trousers came off altogether.

In the last instance I shall give you, the unconscious humour came from the libretto. At a performance in English of Handel's fine opera, '*Giulio Cesare*', some time ago the librettist's peculiar imagination

made Ptolemy, King of Egypt, fall in love with Cornelia, Pompey's wife. The latter, dressed in a crinoline and high-heeled shoes, trotted round the stage, pursued by the former, who wore slung round his neck a sabre or scimitar which reached from his head to his heels. The pursuit ended on a sofa at the back of the stage, and Ptolemy, looking down at Cornelia, chanted solemnly: 'This dangerous weapon to the practice of love is a hindrance' or, as Voltaire puts it, '*car de quoi sert un grand sabre en amours*'. He divested himself of it, like Gama's sons in '*Princess Ida*'. Then there was fortunately an interruption from without and the touching scene ended.—*Third Programme*

Aspects of the New Asia

(continued from page 1034)

Unfortunately, recent reports from Washington suggest that the World Bank, after months of effort, has abandoned in despair all idea of getting India and Pakistan to develop the Indus basin in co-operation. Instead, the Bank authorities are said now to have made proposals which assume that each country will individually exploit three of the six rivers—the three rivers now physically more or less in its possession. For a while, however, Pakistan would have to continue to draw some water from the Sutlej, Beas, and Ravi, until the diversion-canals were in proper order, the cost of these undertakings being largely met by India.

A serious possible snag, besides the reactions of the two Governments, which are not yet fully clear, lies in the phrase I used a moment ago, '*more or less in its possession*'. Here we run up against the Kashmir problem, since, of the three rivers to be exploited by Pakistan, big stretches of two, the Chenab and the Jhelum, run through Indian-occupied Kashmir. Until my recent journey, I had always regarded the Kashmir problem, in its military and political aspects, as the root of all evil in Indo-Pakistani affairs. Get rid of the problem in those aspects, I thought, and the rest would follow; understandings would become possible, and the two nations establish relations not flagrantly different from what you might expect from fellow-members of the Commonwealth. I am not sure that I see matters quite in that way now. After all, humanity has developed remarkable skill lately in conducting what is called 'cold war'. There is the big general cold war; there is the little one successfully established in Korea, there is another of longer standing in Palestine, and another one perhaps now being arranged in Indo-China—and then the fourth, in Kashmir, upheld under United Nations' supervision since the cease-fire of January 1949. And if the Kashmir dispute is not getting better in its military and political aspects, we can at least say it is not necessarily getting worse.

That is not so, however, it cannot be so, about the water dispute. Slow worsening seems inevitable—and for two reasons. First, each country is pressing ahead with constructional work, regardless of the other; some of it being uneconomic work of an emergency, or you might say strategic, nature. Proper river-basin exploitation just cannot be done in this fashion; inevitably it is inefficient. And, second, there is the terrifying population-problem: the huge net increases in numbers—in West Pakistan alone it averages 400,000 annually—and the consequent pressure on the means of subsistence. And behind all this is that third factor: Pakistani fear of a possible change of government in Delhi, of what might happen after Nehru. One of the world's greatest river-basin experts, Mr. David Lilienthal, former Chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, after touring the subcontinent at the invitation of both Governments in 1951, put on record an appalling verdict. He wrote: 'No army with bombs and shellfire could devastate a land as thoroughly as Pakistan could be devastated, by the simple expedient of India's permanently shutting off the sources of water that keep the fields and the people of Pakistan alive'.

Perhaps, in the end, the way to better relations between India and Pakistan will be found by approaching the worst of the two problems dividing them—water and Kashmir—at the very point where they meet; that is to say over the fate of irrigation-waters from the Chenab and the Jhelum—waters which traverse Indian-held Kashmir, but which seem now, more than ever, vital to West Pakistan.—*Third Programme*

The June number of *History Today* (price 2s. 6d.) contains the first of three extracts from Lord David Cecil's forthcoming book on Lord Melbourne; a study of the Dreyfus case by John Roberts; and articles on 'The Glorious First of June, 1794' by Oliver Warner, and on 'The Historian and his Archives' by Geoffrey Barraclough.

Art

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

THESE is a most important exhibition of French paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries at the Lefevre Gallery. Here you may see Renoir, Cézanne, Bonnard, Courbet, Gauguin, and Utrillo, worthily represented. The early Gauguin landscape of Pont Aven is perhaps the most remarkable of all these remarkable paintings; it shows such a beautiful understanding of northern French landscape that one is tempted to regret the painter's later attachment to the uncompromising scenery of Tahiti. It is quite impossible to do justice to this exhibition and at the same time to leave space enough for those younger painters to whom the critic has a special duty.

Some of these may be found, together with a very large crowd of spectators, at *The Observer* exhibition of portraits of children at the R.W.S. Galleries. Children pose a special problem for the modern artist; their restless movements and extreme subtlety of modelling force the painter to one of two methods; either, abandoning the task of giving life to so lively a subject, he produces that kind of idealisation which best pleases fond parents; or, manfully, he tries to snatch at essentials. There are here a good many examples of the former method, sufficient to induce an understanding sympathy with Herod;

but, happily, the other solution has also been attempted by a great many painters and there is much to admire. Mr. Victor Pasmore and Mr. Henry Moore both show very beautiful drawings in which nature is translated in a fashion of which M. Ingres himself would not have disapproved. I would also recommend the visitor to look at the works of Ruskin Spear, Frances Williamson, and Paul Mount. These names are taken almost at random from amongst those who have achieved a high standard. My favourite picture is a faint but by no means feeble rendering of two children sitting upright in a very large perambulator; it is by Eleanor Bellingham Smith.

Mr. Francis Bacon is showing some new pictures at the Redfern Galleries. It is an impressive, or at least a disconcerting, exhibition. The visitor enters the main room to find himself surrounded and reflected in huge black canvases. There is a dog and a sphinx and six portraits of a man, who seems to be a cashier (or the ghost of a cashier), seated at what may be a desk (or might be a coffin) and encased in glass. The variations of the figure's posture make the whole series resemble one of those photographic interviews in the illustrated papers in which a celebrity is shown arguing with a reporter. As usual, the faces of the figures have been partially obliterated in order to suggest a modish decomposition of the flesh. For all his *terribilità* Mr. Bacon is a dainty artist. I use the adjective advisedly because it was Whistler's; with whom, if we can for a moment disregard his sound and fury, we shall find that he has much in common. He has the same Japanese tastefulness in composition, the same summary but effective brushwork, the same taste for restricted and rather pretty

colour; the same inability to come to grips with the fundamental problems of painting; not, in my opinion, the same talent. This Gallery is also showing some drawings by that gifted artist Mr. William Scott.

Mr. Alan Reynolds, a young, talented, and deservedly popular painter, is now holding an exhibition of landscapes at the Redfern Gallery. He has had the good fortune to supply that kind of public which wants to be modern but wants also to buy that which is pleasing. This is no condemnation of a painter who has yet to form his style. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to wonder whether, with success such

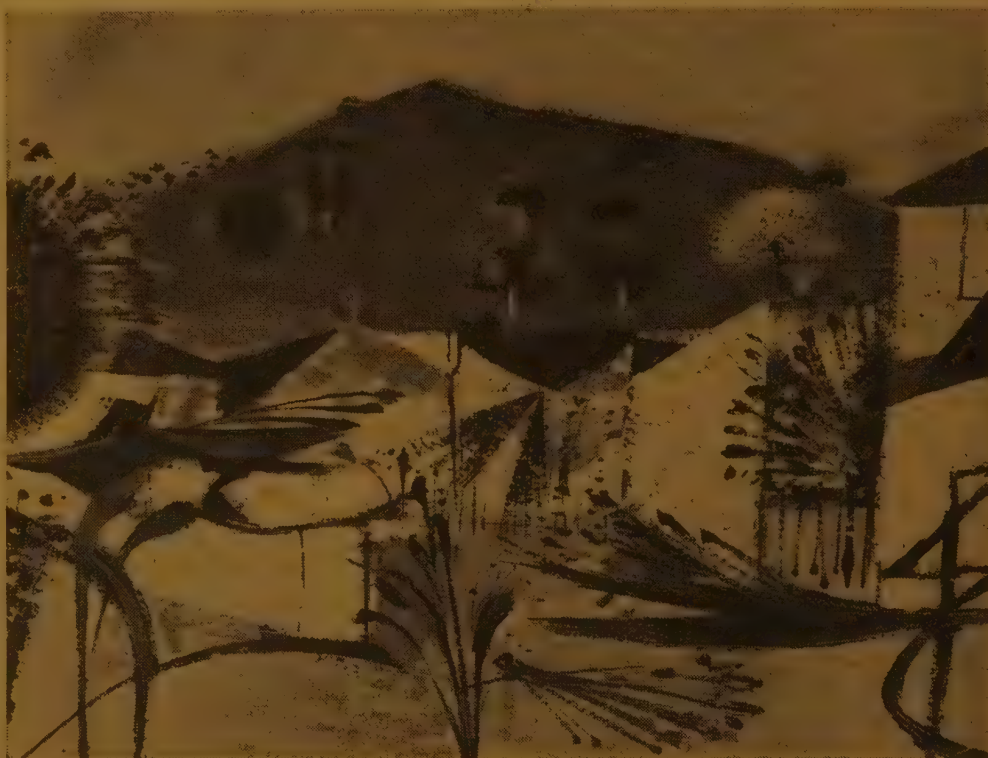
as his, he can resist the temptation to make use of the extremely pleasant formulas at his disposal. There is still plenty of room in his work for development. His tones are simplified, his explosive, schematic foliage is capable of being made more subtle and more expressive. One looks forward to his progress with anxiety but also with a considerable sense of expectation.

Mr. Jack Taylor is having his first exhibition in the same Gallery and is faced by problems of a very different kind. Mr. Taylor is a self-taught artist and his work has much in common with that of children. Marion Richardson said of the pictures of her own pupils that they were 'little works of art'. Mr. Taylor's works

must, for the most part, also be described as 'little'. He is fond of brilliant and lurid hues and these, which might be managed by a more experienced artist, here become strident and incoherent. In his work sentimentality is a beneficent influence. In his two religious pictures, 'The Ninth Hour' and 'Blind Generation', there is a melancholy sobriety of colour, which is full of promise.

Perhaps restraint might also suit Mr. Christoforou, who is exhibiting at Gallery One, in Litchfield Street. Mr. Christoforou has certainly looked at Graham Sutherland and, I suppose, at Rouault. The effect is violent, incoherent, and rhetorical. A great quantity of colour, most of it very tastefully chosen, careers over his canvases. The sympathetic observer will perceive, behind the recklessly scribbled adumbrations of form, a genuine and passionate attempt at self-expression. To many they must appear decorative but incomprehensible.

No such difficulty will be felt by those who go to see the pictures of M. Carzou at Tooth's Galleries, 31 Bruton Street, London, W.1. M. Carzou's works vary considerably in quality but are nearly always effective and pleasing. Like Mr. Alan Reynolds he gives his paintings force and coherence by containing them within a hard, but not insensitive, linear network. This usually takes the form of a hedge of vertical lines or of horizontals set across the canvas. He is at his best when nature lends herself to this treatment. On other occasions, when the linear pattern is imposed upon a form which does not easily suggest it, as in the portrait of Madame Carzou or in his decorative works, the effect is rather awkward and forced; but M. Carzou is, at his best, a good painter.



'Transition, February', by Alan Reynolds: from the exhibition at the Redfern Gallery

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Journal of William Beckford in Portugal and Spain, 1787-8. Edited by Boyd Alexander.

Rupert Hart-Davis. 30s.

WE ALL KNOW a little of Beckford: that he was fabulously rich; that he was chased out of England for displaying too much affection for Lord Devon's heir; that his wife died in childbirth shortly after; that his book *Vathek* was pirated by an unscrupulous clergyman; that his fabulous gothic palace collapsed like a house of cards; that he died old and solitary at Bath; that Byron was haunted by Beckford's stories and Beckford's legend. For years he remained a shadowy, eccentric figure who flickered in the gloomy dawn of romanticism until Guy Chapman gave the shadows substance in his fascinating biography of Beckford. Now with the publication of this Journal, the last carefully guarded secrets are dispelled and Beckford, like another Boswell, reveals his heart in all its nakedness.

It is true that bits of this Journal were worked up by Beckford himself, as an old man, and published in his travel book, *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*, but he was careful to exclude all personal matters and it is Beckford himself, not his observations, which fascinates. But he must be approached with sympathy for his story is feckless as well as sad.

He reached Lisbon on the way to Jamaica, a moral exile, fleeing from the calumnies spread about him in London where he was accused of hastening his wife's death by immoral practices. The sea voyage was too much for him; the prospect of Jamaica too vile; so he stayed in Lisbon. His riches, his personal charm, and distinguished gifts quickly brought him a circle of aristocratic and influential Portuguese friends. But his reputation had run on ahead of him and Walpole, the British ambassador, determined that he should never be presented at Court. Beckford struggled violently to overcome Walpole. The Portuguese were sympathetic to him for they were excited both by his interest in Catholicism and by the prospect of his wealth, but they could not overcome their sense of the proprieties. Beckford had to be presented at Court by Walpole. But Walpole would not and did not. So Beckford after months of struggle sold up his furniture and carriages, packed his travelling bed, and made the long journey to Madrid, only to have the same sad pattern of events repeated.

That, of course, is only half the story; for the Journal reveals an even more tragic situation. Beckford deeply loved his wife; frequently his mind turned with longing to Fonthill; he found consolation in music, in books, in the contemplation of nature. Yet not one of these things were strong enough to hold him back. All too soon he was flirting with little boys, scampering like a child himself through the gardens, hand in hand, reckless and gay, for all the world to see. Yet he railed against Walpole, the symbol of his unjust fate, for acting as he did; there was no resignation about Beckford, no capacity at all to see himself from the outside. His vanities were as uncontrollable as his desires, and as wanton. And yet he is a tragic figure, tragic because of his inevitable fate, tragic, too, in the courage of his endurance. All who read this Journal will be moved to pity for a man so rich, so gifted, for whom life offered neither love nor power nor happiness, but the endless nagging of a corrosive desire.

The text of the Journal offered many difficulties but they have been solved with exemplary scholarship by Mr. Boyd Alexander who also provides a sympathetic and understanding preface. The text could not have been edited with greater care or insight. All who are interested in the waywardness of the human temperament will be grateful to Mr. Alexander for making this Journal available.

Essays with a Purpose. By Salvador de Madariaga. Hollis and Carter. 15s.

If the purpose alluded to in the title has been to show the versatility of the author's mind and his sense of humour, these *Essays with a Purpose* have certainly fulfilled it. Although it contains some quite serious, but never heavy, passages, the little book makes stimulating reading. It is difficult to sum up a collection of essays; the temptation is to quote abundantly from the wealth of aphorisms and paradoxes freely scattered by Señor de Madariaga's original mind, but it must be resisted for fear of producing only a subjective anthology. The author, diplomat, historian, and linguist (a linguist, according to him, means a person who knows more than one language), is essentially a liberal humanist, but above all a Spaniard, and this gives a special quality to his liberalism, also to the group of chapters simply entitled 'Spanish', in which some of the idiosyncracies of the Spanish character and *mores* are presented to the European eye (the Spanish point of view is described as *human*, 'which is not the same as humane or humanistic', bullfights are an art, not a sport, the *human* reality of the two universal characters given by Spain to literature, Don Quixote and Don Juan, is underlined, etc.).

About the role of Columbus in Spanish history, we are offered the amusing paradox: 'The discovery of America was a major disaster for Spain. Everybody in Spain except the mad Columbus knew that Spain's future was in Africa'. Here Señor de Madariaga in a brilliant flight of imagination asks us to see what might have been, ought to have been according to him: Mexico in Morocco, Colombia in Algeria, Peru in Tunisia, Chile in Egypt, Argentina in Asia Minor, the Mediterranean a Spanish Sea surrounded by half a dozen Spanish-speaking nations . . . The symbiosis Spaniard—Arab—Berber, stopped by Ferdinand and Isabella's conquest of Granada, might have been achieved in Africa.

The last chapter is a benevolent skit on the English character: 'A Practical People?', in which the author decides that the English are not practical but empirical, as shown by their refusal to adopt the metric system. In its short compass and unpretentious form but stimulating style, this collection of essays offers delightful material for thought and pleasure, and ought to appeal to the general public as well as to readers more specially interested in Spain and the Spanish mind.

Time After Earthquake. By Evan John. Heinemann. 15s.

Despite its flashes of humour and gaiety this is in many ways a saddening book. It is the account of a journey made to the Ionian islands soon after the earthquakes; its author, Evan John, must obviously have been, even then, an ailing man and he died soon after; and since he can have had, at most, only four months in which

to compose his record, it is not surprising that it should prove to be unworthy both of the tragedy it describes and of Evan John's own reputation as a writer.

Such a book, to be successful, could be written in one of two ways. Either it could be the eye-witness account of someone actively engaged in the work of relief—an officer of one of Her Majesty's ships, for example, a doctor, or a member of one of the many relief organisations which dealt so promptly and so untiringly, even if not always so efficiently, with the terrible problems the earthquakes presented; or it could be a study by a professional writer, who knew both Greece and the Greek language well, of the psychology of the people in face of death and pain and hunger, the loss of their homes, and the panic fear that their islands might be entirely engulfed. Mr. John has written a book which, intended to embrace both these aims, in fact fulfils neither.

On the one hand, although he was travelling on behalf of the British Friendship to Greece Society, he could play no positive part in a kind of work which demands either brute strength or a high degree of professionalism; and on the other hand, knowing little Greek and often feeling ill and tired, he was obviously not in a position to form any but superficial impressions of the emotions and thoughts of the people around him. It was not perhaps surprising (as he himself records) that other relief workers, exasperated by the presence of someone so obviously well-intentioned yet unfitted for the exigencies of the time, should have bluntly asked him if his journey had really been necessary.

Having left the islands and returned to the haven of Corfu, Mr. John then did a touching and generous thing. He was allowed £120 by the Bank of England to assist in the writing of a book, and this entire sum he spent on carpentry and building tools which he sent by his son to the islands. For a man not rich it was a tribute to the country which he so much loved; and it is such individual acts of friendship, rather than gestures by governments, which invariably win the respect and affection of the Greeks. To that extent his journey proved worthwhile.

British Caving: An Introduction to Speleology. Edited by C. H. D. Cullingford. Routledge. 35s.

Like mountaineering, English caving began with a semi-aesthetic curiosity, and with science, rather than as a sport. Old guide-books of the eighteen-thirties and eighteen-forties mention Zermatt as a centre not for mountaineers but for geologists and botanists; and Ruskin, in love with the Matterhorn, was on that Swiss scene before the unadulterate climber; and behind Ruskin were the artists of the sublime and picturesque. The eighteenth century came also to delight in caves. Between 1780 and 1820 there was plenty of cave writing, cave poetry, cave painting, and there were much-needed attempts at cave preservation. Next in order, as one would expect, analysis followed sensation: between the eighteen-twenties and the eighteen-sixties, Dean Buckland, first of all, was busy in caves in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, the Gower and Somerset, MacEnery, followed by Pengelly, probed into the Torquay caves, and Boyd Dawkins began his work at Wookey Hole. At last, in the eighteen-seventies, the redoubtable John Birkbeck (of whom this excellent book should have given a fuller and more pious account) began the sport



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of descending pots in the West Riding. And now, in the nineteen-fifties, *British Caving* displays science and sport in this matter still going hand in hand.

This book has been written by members of the Cave Research Group, which includes scientists and amateurs, geologists, geophysicists, biologists, archaeologists, and straightforward pot-holers, all of them spellbound by the curious nature of caves. The first part deals with the science of caving, the second part with the practice. To begin with, there are chapters on the origin and development of caves, on formations, cave physics, bone caves, and cave creatures from shrimps to bats. The second part deals with everything from exploration to rescue, including diving, photography, and surveying. Science in some degree does weigh a little heavy on the contributors, English caving, on the aesthetic side, not having been made articulate by a Mummery or a Leslie Stephen. In his cautious introduction the editor seems to realise that something, somewhere, inside this book ought to have been written on the *why* of caving, indeed upon the whole fascination of caves, and on cave folklore, which is omitted altogether, though it could have been treated no less scientifically than cave flora and fauna. An allied chapter might also have been included on the known history of British caves as causes of wonder and pegs for painting and writing.

Yet the implicit 'poetry' of caves prevents the driest-seeming chapter from dryness, as some quotations will show. Consider the discovery and the inhabitants of Cuckoo Cleaves Cave in the Mendips: 'A long period of digging through stiff clay at the bottom of a small sink-hole disclosed a small passage dropping into an underground streamway. . . . The cave was grim and forbidding, with sharp and jagged water-worn rock on the floor, and poorly ventilated. Yet here were found blind shrimps of a kind quite different from the common freshwater shrimp of the surface streams and ponds all over Britain. In the low bedding-plane chambers insects were crawling'. Or badgers below ground: 'Badgers will penetrate a surprising distance into caves. In South Wales one of the writers crawled on hands and knees on wet clay in a narrow, winding cave passage deep below the ruined castle of Careg Cennen. In front, fresh badger-tracks led on for about fifty yards, and the walls were polished by the passage of the animals. There was some trepidation about what would happen if the badger was encountered face to face. The way, however, ended in a narrow fissure about five inches wide and two feet high, through which the track led. A strong draught betrayed a roomy cavern beyond, but only a badger could get through'. A pioneer of cave diving brings his strange craft to life in describing a dangerous return journey when his guide-line had become entangled: 'After a few moments of great anxiety, I was able to sort things out and continue back to my starting-point in company with a couple of tiny trout'.

Illustrations and diagrams and production are uncommonly good; and the collector of words will enjoy the technical glossary. Does he know the meaning of gloop, gour, grike, helk, keld, ruckle, and mountain milk?

The Adventures of John Wetherell: Edited and with an introduction by C. S. Forester. Michael Joseph. 18s.

In presenting what purports to be an authentic diary of a nineteenth-century British seaman an editor has a clear obligation to his readers to investigate closely the reliability of his material. Mr. Forester cannot be said to have done this satisfactorily. In his introduction he admits that Wetherell's complete diary, dis-

covered in New York a few years ago, is heavily embroidered and contains much that is demonstrably false, but he claims that the portion that he has selected for publication, dealing with Wetherell's service in the frigate *Hussar* from 1803 to 1804, and his subsequent experiences in France as a prisoner of war for ten years, is 'obviously quite genuine'.

In fact Wetherell's account of his experiences aboard the *Hussar* is so frequently inaccurate as to make doubtful its claim to be an authentic narrative. It is dominated by his hatred for his Captain, Philip Wilkinson, whom he portrays as a sadistic tyrant of mean birth, the son of a Harwich barber. Wilkinson may have been a harsh disciplinarian, although the logs of his ships do not suggest that he flogged excessively, but a glance at the standard works of naval biography shows that he was the son of Captain Thomas Wilkinson, R.N., and a grand-nephew of Sir Philip Stephens, Bart., whose surname he adopted in 1820. In support of Wetherell's charge that Wilkinson was an incompetent coward Mr. Forester adduces his not being given any important command after the wreck of the *Hussar*. In fact he commanded the *Courageux*, 74, for two and a half years in the Baltic. Mr. Forester claims that Wetherell has a tenacious memory for dates, but he actually gets all the important ones wrong. The *Hussar* was wrecked on February 8, 1804, and not on January 10, and on July 20, 1803, when according to Wetherell she took the French corvette *Le Pheasant* off Brest, she was, according to her log, safely moored in Plymouth Sound. It is curious that neither this action nor the gallant attempt to capture a French 74, which Wetherell so graphically describes, are mentioned in Admiral Cornwallis' despatches to the Admiralty nor in the highly detailed authoritative accounts of the blockade of Brest.

Wetherell's description of his captivity in France, and of the march through that country made by the British prisoners of war as Napoleon's power was crumbling, is interesting and probably unique, but to what extent it is true it is impossible to say. It may be claimed that the whole diary gives a good general impression of the British seaman of the period, but so do Mr. Forester's admirable novels.

This Music Crept By Me Upon The Waters By Archibald MacLeish. Oxford. 12s.

Mr. MacLeish's theme is 'here, now, always. . .'. His scene is a garden above the sea, an evening in the Antilles, traditionally an island paradise. A group of three Americans and one Englishman await a party of guests; one of the party is transformed—

Peter Bolt.

It's never now or here with Peter.
It's always somewhere else and afterward:
Afterward when the work is finished,
The fame won.

Peter, on his arrival at the island, discovers the present moment.

That is all that happens. And in one wholly favourable sense it is quite enough. The effect of this little experiment for English radio and for the American Poets' Theatre might well, in sympathetic performance, be incalculable. Mr. MacLeish has a sense of rhythm, and is not afraid of writing poetry.

Behind his opening, beneath the sense of marking time and of musical modulation, is a depth of meaning which reveals itself more and more as we allow the 'music' to engage our attention. And the passages later which risk sentimentousness, the Englishman's reflections on happiness, are entirely successful. Yet the whole piece remains an essay in poetic drama for broadcasting or for the closet theatre: much more than a curtain-raiser, certainly; but more suggestive than complete. The reason for this is the

uncertainty expressed in Mr. MacLeish's foreword, uncertainty about the American audience for poetic drama, and about the convention which that audience will accept. 'Does Mr. Eliot's resounding success on Broadway', he asks, 'offer a hint to those, if there are any, capable of receiving it, or was the prosodic price he paid too high? Was Yeats' move in the opposite direction the right move for us, or do his chamber plays assume conditions which do not exist in the United States?' The answer we suggest is that Mr. MacLeish should come over to England for a year or two, attempt a full-length play, and look at his problem from the outside. What the theatre now needs is a few daring and lively talents like Mr. Ronald Duncan. Mr. MacLeish is without doubt one of the talents; he is more of a poet than Mr. Duncan; and he might find himself to the full as a dramatist in the country where he has already found a listening audience.

The Genesis of Modern British Town Planning. By William Ashworth. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

The nineteenth century saw the growth in Britain of the most unhealthy, depressing, inconvenient and ugly cities to be found anywhere in the world. Today, this country stands in the very forefront of the town and country planning movement. How and why did this transformation occur, and who were the men who brought it about? These are the questions which Mr. Ashworth sets out to answer. His book fills an important gap in the social and economic history of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

The first part of the book deals with the problems created by the Industrial Revolution. The author shows how the disposition of industrial towns was completely unregulated during a period of unprecedented growth as the machine age got into its stride. The results were disastrous not only for the working classes who suffered directly from the overcrowding, congestion, fetid conditions, and lack of amenities of the mushroom towns in the north and Midlands, but also for the better-off classes who perforce had to share the consequences of disease, heavy mortality, crime, drunkenness, and human degradation.

The author refers to all the well-known official reports describing the deplorable state of towns in the nineteenth century. He points out that the inadequacy of urban reform in the mid-Victorian period was mainly due to a misguided enthusiasm for economy in public expenditure no matter what the real cost, combined with a belief that no improvement was worth doing unless the person or body which carried it out was the direct recipient of any financial benefit which might result. What is lacking is an analysis of the ideas which led men to believe that the haphazard, unregulated growth of towns in an industrial era could produce cities which would be even moderately healthy, convenient, dignified, or urbane.

The mounting accumulation of disagreeable explanations of disagreeable facts contained in a whole series of famous state papers, together with the exhortations of social reformers like Chadwick and Simon, gradually had an effect on public opinion. Very slowly both the governors and the governed came to recognise that something must be done to improve the state of our towns. The attempts to find a basis for public policy are described in the second part of the book.

There were three aspects of improvement. By far the most difficult was to improve the built-up central areas of towns. The state intervened at first through statutory or by-law control; and we still have with us today many streets containing monotonous rows of 'by-law houses' which



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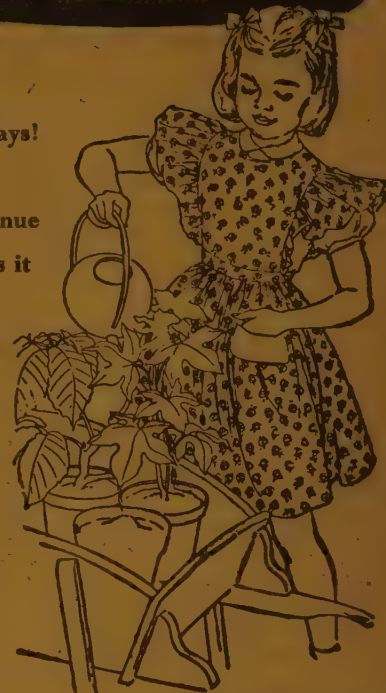
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merely avoided the more unhygienic practices of the preceding era. The Torrens and Cross Acts took a step forward in permitting local authorities to embark on clearance and reconstruction schemes for whole districts. These cost a good deal of money, and owing to legislative restrictions and excessive compensation awarded to property owners, local authorities were always placed at a financial disadvantage. In consequence they were discouraged from making extensive use of their powers.

The second aspect of improvement was the creation of model villages and towns. Robert Owen's experiment at New Lanark was the first and most famous, but there were several others, such as those at Turton, Saltaire, Copley near Halifax, Nent Head near Alston, and later at Bournville and Port Sunlight. These pioneering efforts were due to the initiative, imagination, and financial support of far-sighted industrialists who saw the immense contribution which good living conditions could make to economic efficiency, social contentment, and industrial peace. These model settlements paved the way for the garden city movement when the idea was launched by Ebenezer Howard in his book, *Tomorrow*.

The third thread in the strand was suburban development. The suburbs expanded on an immense scale with the improved means of transport which resulted from the railway, motor-bus, electric train, tram, and trolleybus. Substantial advances in the planning of suburbs were made in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, in Bedford Park, in Wythenshawe, and elsewhere, although town planners became increasingly critical of suburban development of any kind.

In the last part of the work Mr. Ashworth describes the origins of the first Town Planning Act, passed in 1909. He explains how by the end of the nineteenth century the towns had become more healthy and efficient, but not more beautiful or delightful as a habitat for man. The statute of 1909 applied only to unbuilt land in towns; it was optional in character; and it dealt only with the physical lay-out factors which should influence its development.

The final chapter describes the course of events from 1909 until the legislative culmination of 1947. With great knowledge and skill the author analyses not only the legislative history of the last forty years, but also the differing purposes and aims which have influenced the planning movement, and the ideas which its leading exponents have held and sought to express. Mr. Ashworth has written a solid and valuable book containing much useful information which he presents in a lucid and coherent way. His writing sometimes lacks imagination, and one wishes he were not quite so sceptical at the end of it; but one can safely recommend this volume as a trustworthy guide to an important element in the growth of the welfare state.

What Happens in Singing

By Gerard Mackworth-Young.

Newman Neame. 12s. 6d.

In the intervals of governing what used to be called the Empire and directing archaeological research in Greece, Mr. Mackworth-Young has found time for music making, especially as a singer. Being of an enquiring turn of mind, he has spent his leisure in retirement upon a scientific investigation of the physiological and acoustical facts of singing. His findings are set down in this interesting little book, whose importance is out of proportion to its size.

For this is not just one more singing teacher's 'method'. It is a clear exposition of the scientific facts expressed in simple language which anyone can understand. The facts have been ascertained from the author's own experience as a singer together with that of a panel of professional singers, whose corporate evidence has been

subjected to a stringent analytical examination in order to eliminate such errors as are bound to occur in such subjective statements. The deductions made have been further checked and amplified by a series of electronic tests to which the singers submitted themselves.

The results of these investigations will sometimes be surprising to the layman. He will learn, for example, why he never hears Brünnhilde pronounce Siegfried's name otherwise than 'Sahgfried' when the first syllable falls on a note high up in the scale. Even more astonishing is the fact that when a bass sings a low G, the audience should theoretically hear either the fifth or sixth partials of that note (or probably both of them). The resonating cavities of the human throat and mouth are far too small to reinforce the prime or fundamental note, which requires an open pipe five and a half feet in length. So the low G is a mere whisper on the vocal cords, while all the energy of tone is produced by the upper partials. Yet such is the capacity of the human ear to adjust these deficiencies of the human vocal mechanism, that we have the illusion of hearing that low G, and only an acute and trained ear, like Mr. Mackworth-Young's, can distinguish the partials.

It will be deduced that, lucid as Mr. Mackworth-Young's exposition is, it is of a highly technical character. But the book, which is further illuminated by some admirable diagrams and drawings, should certainly be in the hands of every singer and singing teacher. To those whose interest in music is less specialised, it offers a fascinating exposition of the mystery of singing. The measure of the author's achievement may be gauged from the story he tells of his own German singing teacher. When asked what he meant by 'covering' a note, the teacher explained at length how the singer should feel when a note is covered. 'I know the feeling', answered the author, 'but what actually happens?' 'God knows', replied the teacher.

It may be felt that Mr. Mackworth-Young hardly allows sufficiently for the discrepancies between one voice and another, which differentiate one singer from another and give to each his or her distinctive vocal personality. But this is a side-issue which does not invalidate the main argument of this original piece of research.

Mistral. By Rob Lyle.

Bowes and Bowes. 6s.

'Mistral' is so apt a name for the national poet of Provence that many people have supposed it to be a *nom de guerre*. Mr. Lyle tells us it was the poet's real name. Frédéric Mistral was born 'the autumnal fruit' of his father's second marriage' in 1830. His childhood, spent on a farm near Maillane in Provence, was an unusually happy one. His local patriotism seems first to have become articulate when, at the age of thirteen, he went to school at Avignon; his regional accent excited the scorn of his school-fellows, but he met an usher named Roumanille who encouraged both his poetic talent and his love of Provence.

Mistral was twenty-one, a graduate in law from the University of Aix, when he began his first great Provençal epic, *Mirèio*. Eight years passed before it was finished and published. In the meantime Mistral and Roumanille had established a circle of Provençal poet-patriots which came to be known as the *Felibrige*.

In these early days Mistral's political convictions were liberal, and the *Felibrige* appeared from the outside like many another romantic nationalist movement of the period. Mistral's patriotism was quickened by the creation of the Second Empire and his next epic, *Calendau*, was not only more political but also more intensely nationalist than his first. However, as time went on and Mistral became better acquainted with the true nature of French liberalism, he realised

he was neither a liberal nor a nationalist. He shrank from the republicanism and the secularism of those who led the opposition to Napoleon III. The patriarchal nature of his father's house at Maillane, together with the Catholic piety he had learned from Roumanille, had bred in him a strong distaste for left-wing values. Mistral proclaimed himself a federalist. He wished to preserve the language, customs and traditions of Provence, but he had no desire for political independence or separation from France. It was not long before he came out in favour of the divine right of Kings and the supreme authority of the Church: 'the great things of the Latin world', he said, 'have been made by faith and authority'. Thus the national poet of Provence ended in the company of Carlists, and his disciples (who included Charles Maurras) lived to rejoice in the fulfilment of Vichy. Mistral himself died, an octogenarian, in 1914.

He has found in Mr. Lyle a student curiously sympathetic towards his politics, and well able to render his poems into English verse, but who falls lamentably short in other respects of the standard set by earlier monographs in the Bowes and Bowes series on modern European literature. Instead of exposition, Mr. Lyle gives his readers eulogy; and instead of criticism, prolonged summaries of the plots of Mistral's epics. Nor is the book improved by Mr. Lyle's repeated homilies on the errors of democracy. The account of Mistral's childhood home is interrupted while the author deplores that 'the world, in its tragi-comic presumption' should have allowed such ways of life to wither:

With much shouting and self-glorification, the prophets of progress, the pundits of infinite knowledge, the professional radicals, the merely greedy, announced the release of mankind from the chains of ignorance and superstition. They succumbed to the silliest superstition of all—that God is made in the image of man—and forged for themselves the terrible chains of that presumptuous licence which is the mockery of liberty.

Even the summary of the plot of *Calendau* is held up while Mr. Lyle protests at length that 'the disintegration of the atom is paralleled by the disintegration of society' because men today have 'made a God of Humanity'.

Further interpolations of the same kind only serve to make Mistral's right-wing views appear the more extreme, and from time to time the patience of the reader falters. Fortunately there are enough passages in verse to rekindle interest and sympathy; they have an effect analogous to a series of attractive slides making what would otherwise be an exceedingly tiresome lantern lecture a tolerable one.

Fabulous Congo. By Felice Bellotti.

Andrew Dakers. 30s.

The sixty-four superb illustrations almost make the publication of this book on the Belgian Congo by an Italian journalist worth while; they are of great beauty and considerable interest. Unfortunately the text is on a much lower level, neither good reporting nor good research. The principal theme of the book is indignation at the dog-in-the-manger fashion in which the resources of the Congo are dominated by the Société Générale and its various subsidiary organisations. Not enough evidence is brought to show whether this charge is supported or no; but the section on 'The Natives' is so full of inaccuracies and facile generalisations, and shows so little knowledge of the monographs which have been published on the tribes of Central Africa that confidence is not forthcoming on the other material. The book includes sections on the wild animals and methods of hunting, and on the mineral and agricultural resources of the region.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Reaching to the Stars

GREAT STEEL MASTS rising out of the landscapes of several shires; mile on mile of that terribly expensive co-axial cable; control-room complexities that are in themselves a marvel of this modern age; the endless earnest conferring of the programme planners: all of it, and much more, that gaping millions may discover whether the pub brawl has or has not left its marks on a folk-hero's chin. 'And in this way they go on', as Dr. Johnson said in quite another set of circumstances.

Having sallied forth from the centre of England to one of its edges for a couple of days last week, I am able to confirm that it is easy, very easy, to forget television. Its vaporous activities are not so readily conceded from the viewing point of a favourite armchair.

The reassertion is not intended to spread despondency among the able persons who produce the programmes, though it might be good for some of their more notorious hirelings to understand that the television impact has no more of eternity in it than the sticking of a 'transfer' on the back of a child's hand. We receive from it remarkably little that sticks in the mind.

In my two days' absence without leave, television fell into perspective as a conveyor-belt of distractions for the rootless urban multitude which is seeking what it is unlikely to find. Having attained a high degree of physical comfort, it yearns now for more mental comfort too. There is perhaps an overlooked aspect of the lack of compensation at work here.

Driving through to the coast via Essex, Suffolk, and most of Norfolk, I was made to realise what television, the worst and the best that it can do, may mean to the country dweller. Obviously it could mean much and it would be unfair to ignore the fact. There, in East Anglia, are the highest domestic aerials that I have seen. Reception, they said, is not good. They are determined to have television, though it means reaching to the stars. At outlying farmhouses on the grid there are H's on masts thirty or forty feet tall. That they hold aloft a sign of more than technical progress may be open to intellectual doubt. I was cheered by the sight of them. Better to be able to see *Wuthering Heights*, I thought, than to have to live it.

Despite the ubiquitous reminders, the mantle of professional observer slipped lightly from my shoulders and a recent programme quiz would have found me at a loss. It was a sponsored documentary film, 'Back of Beyond', not a direct television programme that I remembered most. Television sends few signals to the soul. It is too busy with the 'trivial fond records' of the daily commitment. When it makes a massive

impression it is in the role of *impresario*, not of creative force.

For that reason I was glad not to have missed the television film on the life and work of Walter Sickert: it had its own excellence, though I have no wish to encourage the too-facile use of film for television. This contained many visual good things, and its producer, John Read, did not keep at too respectful a distance from the master, the fault, in my view, of his earlier studies

gesture to what sound radio, for instance, has been treating as a first-rate occasion. Its chief effect on me was to batter into my consciousness the truth that war is man against himself, that all war is, and that, if you accept them, the philosophical implications are grim.

Back at my pitch, I saw 'Press Conference', with Fred Hoyle, the astronomical don from Cambridge, looking uncomfortably like a visitor to this planet who wished that he had never left home, so remorseless was the questioning. The more sublime his guesses, the more one had an urge to laugh; the more one felt that the greatest of our human errors is that we take ourselves too seriously. It was another scientist, Jack Brimble of *Nature*, who was most insistent in pulling him back to earth, while Andrew Shonfield held effective sway in the chair.

Eurovision, over the weekend, brought proof that if the Russians are interfering with our weather, as a London milk roundsman informed me, they had exposed their French friends to a considerable overspill; rain for the motor racing at Le Mans, rain for the Davis Cup games near Paris. At Le Mans the cameras were wise in steering our attention often away from the monotonous central theme to the behaviour of the crowd, nearly always compelling to the eye. The shots of the elegant French children at the abandoned Davis Cup tennis were delightful. Praise must also go to the French cameras for their skill in catching the flight of the ball in such moments of play as were vouchsafed to us. We have never had it better from much nearer home.

On Sunday night the Bishop of Kensington spoke about ordination for the Church's ministry and what is required of candidates who present themselves for it. It was an unusually successful epilogue, well spoken, well produced.

REGINALD POUND

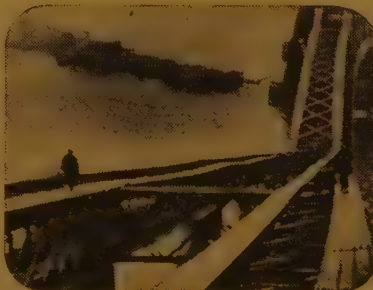
DRAMA

Keeping up with 'em

WHEN DOES A BACHELOR feel like a bigamist? Answer: when he's a television critic trying to keep up with at least nine different families, remembering their names, ages (Gran Groves is ninety, we shan't forget that in a hurry), prejudices, accents, foibles, finances, fiankies. Half of them have the same children, what's more! There are Archers who are politically if not dramatically dynamite; Appleyards as well. And now we have the troublous young married life of that American Sergeant Kutsky and his Italian girl friend whose wooing so little seduced me some weeks back in that play by Iain MacCormick, 'The Liberators'; where yet another family (almost but not forgotten) was cooked for and wept over by Ina de la Haye. Now the Kutsks are in Germany: Mrs. K., as you probably remember was... well, you know, 'and now' (as Mrs.



As seen by the viewer: paintings shown in the B.B.C. film 'Walter Sickert' televised on June 7: Left, Mr. Winston Churchill, c. 1929; right, 'The Bathers, Dieppe'



Left: workmen walking on top of the Forth Bridge in the programme on June 7. Right: Lord Beaverbrook 'Speaking Personally' on June 10



The Three Counties Agricultural Show at Staverton, near Gloucester, on June 9: two of the entries

Photographs: John Cura

of Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland. Sickert's imagination fused the literary with the pictorial: he was not a mere translator in paint but an illustrator and an interpreter. I was reminded of my one evening with him and a friend of both of us and, more relevantly, of his singular pronunciation of the word 'art'. He made it sound like a softly uttered benediction. This television film about him was a model of fair statement, judicious penetration, and good taste.

Television cannot be said to have acquitted itself wonderfully well in celebrating the Normandy landings of ten years ago. That oldish film, 'The True Glory', which appears to have skimmed the official newsreels and dubbed in more noise, more confusion, was a second-hand

Freeman would say) 'there is this Major Something or Other!'

As if it weren't difficult enough keeping all these balls juggling at once, we have been twice dosed with that most pungent of Canadian family sagas, 'The Mistress of Jalna', who, I need hardly tell you, is 'none other than' Gran Whiteoaks in person: a bone of contention once before in THE LISTENER, I fancy, unless this old memory of mine grows dim, when the tenancy of this column was in the much more patient hand of Harold Hobson.

Gran Whiteoaks (I trust I am not letting you into secrets) is whatever is the elderly feminine equivalent of a broth of a boy: a monstrous prescription of blarney, brogue, and bossiness, with Irish-Canadian ways, sly schemes, a tongue which wounds, and a noisy old heart of gold. Sometimes she seemed to be carrying on like Lady Macbeth or even Shylock. At other times it was all smiles and one thought instead of our own dear flesh and blood, Miss Barbara Kelly, saving, with Canadian bonhomie, the tempers frayed in 'What's My Line?' Miss Jean Anderson looked young for the part, and seemed to get about sometimes a thought too nippily, stick or no stick. And then she was tall and graceful like a Boldini hostess with a waist, whereas somehow the effect is more piquant of this mother of many sons (all about eight feet tall) depicted as the equivalent (I am sorry to be so weak on my Oirish) of a 'wee body' with a will of iron. But she did it all with a will, trouncing the governess, managing, snubbing, dismissing, and finally relenting.

This adaptation is not to be faulted because by turning a book into a play a certain amount of telescoping was discernible. A little speeding up as in the latter stages of a Verdi opera was on the whole welcome, for the truth must out; unlike most of the English-speaking race, I am a shade less than enthusiastic about the Whiteoaks clan. Mazo de la Roche must have been a great-hearted writer when she wrote this, getting on with it with that indiscriminating ease of the very brave, like the various indomitable script-writers of the Mrs. Dale saga. Never a dull moment (unless you think the whole thing dull—what I mean is, all the moments are about the same as far as pressure goes).

We began with Beatrice Varley in cap and apron moving across a well considered late



'The Mistress of Jalna' on June 6, with (left to right) Mary Watson as Mary Wakefield, Carol Wolveridge as Meg, Geoffrey Dunn as Ernest, Jean Anderson as Adeline Whiteoak, Sonny Doran as Renny, Peter Williams as Philip, Richard Caldicot as Nicholas, and Beatrice Varley as Mrs. Nettleship

Victorian Canadian interior and making mischief among the children (Carol Wolveridge and Sonny Doran, who were exactly what television children should be—or is that a critical judgement based on having seen them on television *only* as television children?). Then, presently, came the governess herself (for those who don't know the story it has touches of *Jane Eyre* without the imagination and 'The Seagull' without the truth). The governess with a fresh-seeming talent—charming Mary Watson seemed well identified with the role—spoke up frankly about her lack of qualifications; and was duly snubbed by the housekeeper and by Doc Ramsey (Mark Daly) who is the very quintessence of a comic old character part, crusty, so shrewd he nearly squeezes himself to death.

Then the neighbours, pretty Miss McKenna and manly Mr. Dyneley, with tennis rackets; worse, marriage rackets; then, rows, balls, illnesses, and, some time after 10 p.m., reconciliation between dragon and mouse, while the big strapping sons (the very distillation of boredom as young men, but, with that mother, who can wonder!) stood around much as they had before. Peter Williams was the best of them, but Geoffrey Dunn, with his comic stage indigestion, must have convulsed millions of viewers, and Richard Caldicot made out a case for his existence. In short, everyone, producer Douglas Allen and stage designer Stephen Bundy, came well out of . . . a work of art? Not for one single second.

'Music For You' swamped in to save the sorry Bank Holiday evening on Whit Monday and gave a good deal of pleasure, not least, one felt, to Eric Robinson, who gave us a long waltz sequence which flashed from Pearlies singing 'Two Lovely Black Eyes' to a bright-eyed Spaniard in 'Estudiantina', and then graduated to many an old Edwardian three-four heart throb. Martha Lipton, who is an experienced contralto and looks handsome, sang well. A new tenor discovery sang lustily. Erno Merringer was well thought of—at least by Mr. Robinson—and looked pleased as he sang something in Italian about wanting to kiss (or was it be kissed?). Jean Pougnet, a violinist with long honours at the B.B.C., was made to announce his piece not once

but twice because he does it so nicely in French, and then favoured us with the 'Méditation' from 'Thais' as if his mind was on something else. Mine was.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Seeing Things

ONE OF MY FAVOURITE books—a perverse taste because I am never happy on heights—is the autobiography of a steeplejack, gayest when he swings from a weathercock, or is a cherub a'oft upon some fearsome coping. Possibly that was why the play-title 'Steeple Jerkin' (Third) attracted: here, perhaps, dramatist and producer would combine to start that fluttering in the stomach when 'fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low'. The play was not about professional climbers; it proved, sternly, to be the tale of a lame and crusted old longshoreman in an Irish port. He is goaded into climbing the weathercock of the church steeple under repair. The author, Padraic Fallon, had written directly for radio: it sounded, in theory, like a challenge to our imaginations. Alas, for me the piece remained fixed in the studio: the steeple did not rear itself in the blue.

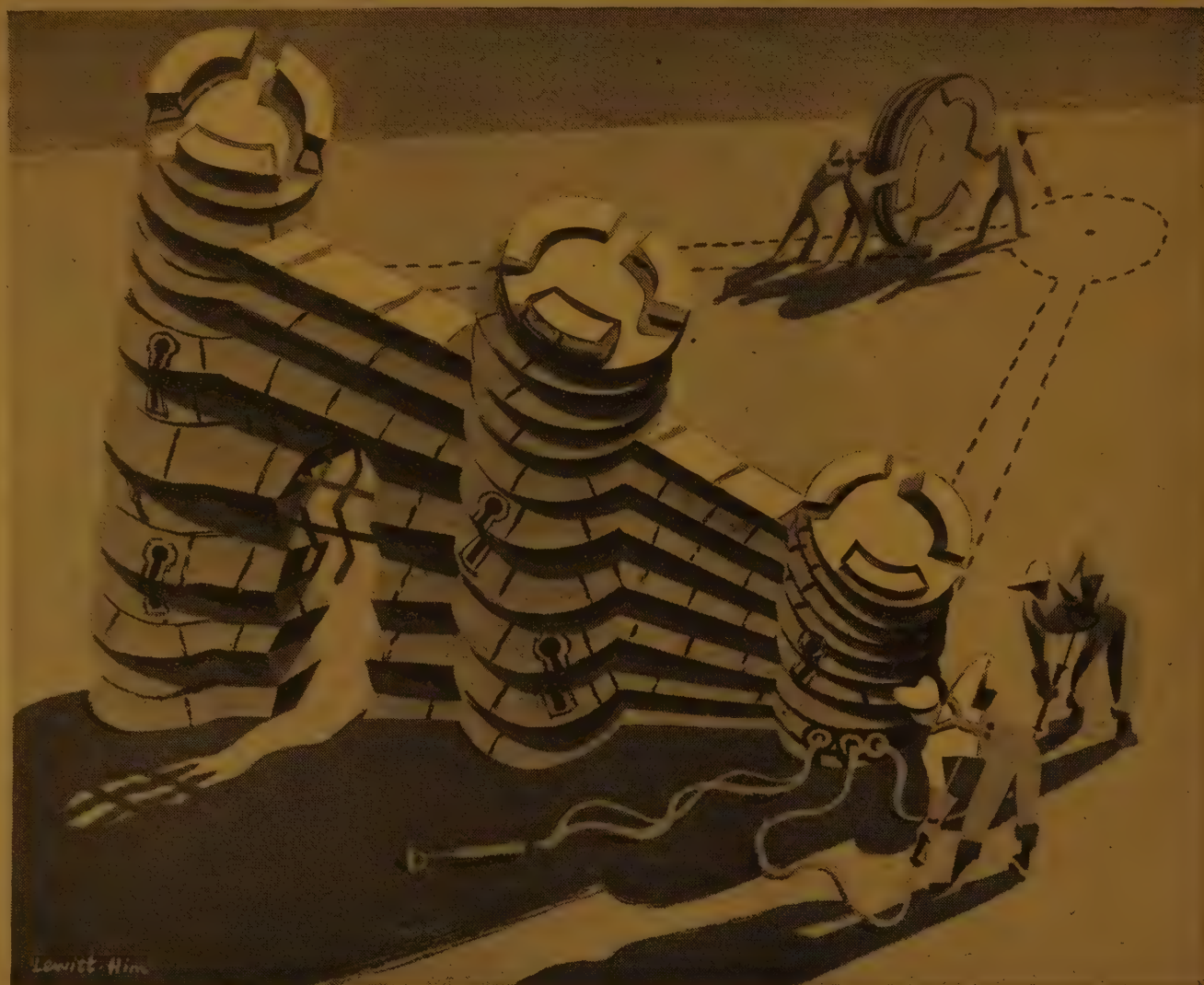
Why was this? Simply, it seemed, because the dramatist had not found the summoning, building phrase. The steeple may have been 202 feet 9 inches in height: but the figures meant nothing to me. It was only at the last, before the old man fell, as we knew he must, that Mr. Fallon began to stir the imagination and I saw, dimly, the figure up there 'raving upon the town' in the vaporous May evening. The last fall—neatly upon the coffin of the chief tormenter—had no special effect. Earlier, the old men's richly-accented quarrels had been repetitive, and until the final minutes the verse commentary did not help. Mr. Fallon had contrived a tall story; he could not get us all to climb with him. Although the producer (Martyn C. Webster) and the Irish cast—Harry Hutchinson and Joe Linnane, for example—worked hard, we were aware as a rule that it was collar-work. If I had felt for a moment the gulping fear of that phrase in my steeplejack's book, 'the horror of the empty air', then it might have been another tale.



Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes in scenes from 'Swan Lake' on June 9



John Bailey as Peter Krek and Sheila Burrell as Anna in 'The Good Partners' on June 13



The Schweppshire Way of Life

4. THE SCHWEXPORT DRIVE

It has been well said (Bricey *Yarns of an Old Economist*) that exports are not exportable unless they are portable. It will not surprise many to learn that Schweppshire provides its own typically individual answer to this typical problem.

ENGLISH HERITAGE CO., LTD. (write Room D, 619 Beltane Road) gives this message from the Old World to the New. In former days the need was met by taking to pieces very old Suffolk barns and putting them together again in exact replica, with the rats' nests pasteurised, somewhere in the U.S.A., often Florida.

Occasionally, extremely ruined castles were treated in the same way. The picture shows, we hope, an advance. Rather small, light, pneumatic thirteenth century castles are put up in England and immediately taken down again. Deflated, they are shipped in



slim wrappers across the Atlantic to, say, Baltimore. Here they can be pumped up and filled, for authenticity, with genuine English air which has been flown over in canisters similar to those we employ for delivering Genuine Club Atmosphere to West 44th Street.

Dummy Countesses, family ghosts (see inset), splendid old butlers and trustworthy old gardeners in a range of six colours, can be supplied as extras. AND DO NOT FORGET our Daisies Pied made of specially treated indiarubber with genuine Warwickshire soil at the roots and packed by our subsidiary Little Hedgerow Flower Co.. AND our genuine Sussex thatch suitable for telephone booths or very low skyscrapers: or our Easy-to-Pack White Cliffs of Dover in sections made of Plastic Nuchork — can be cleaned with the wipe of a cloth.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

Mr. Hutchinson was a vastly different type in 'Moon and Stars' (Home). Here he was simply a chip from the Blarney Stone with certain firm views ('Where women is concerned, sanity isn't'). He appeared to like the word 'parlous' as much as Fluther Good liked 'derogatory'. There was nothing to alarm: a rush of gay rhetoric, rivals in love, and somewhere the making of a 'fillum'. This comedy by a poet, J. H. B. Peel, who can both write for the ear and get us to see, had wistful grace and a pleasant humour. As a romantic invention that did what it intended, an invitation to the light-fantastic (with the voices of Maureen Pryor and T. St. John Barry to aid it), I found it a happy change from the Whit Monday rain that poured down outside.

Undeniably we were seeing things during 'Emergency Call' (Home). For eighty minutes we dashed all over the place in search of people with the right blood group so that, by transfusion, a small girl's life could be saved. There was as much talk of blood as in a Websterian tragedy, with the difference that several characters remained alive at the end. Once more the idea of a chase, a time-limited search, proved to be triumphant, and the whole affair, adapted by Charles Hatton from a film and produced by Archie Campbell, had been conceived vividly enough for us to call up at once the long run of places, from boxing-hall to Thames wharf, whither the hunt led us. It was a success both aurally and in the mind's eye: it developed excitingly, even if I did feel that the final tying of ends—the suggestion of a romance between anxious mother and young doctor—was a bit too much. This was piling it on.

'Emergency Call' had (well-hidden) a documentary origin. 'The Edge of the Sword' (Light) was wholly a document, the record of one man, Captain Farrar-Hockley, and, through him, of many men in the fierce battle of the Imjin River and afterwards. There were passages in this more chilling than in any previous 'Suspense' programme. The story of escape huddled upon escape came grimly to the air and, assuredly, to our sight. Almost the grimmest phrase in it was the insistence of Farrar-Hockley's captors that he was 'being liberated from the yoke of his oppressive Government' (it reminded me of that lighter line, 'mid this hurly, I intend that all is done in reverent care of her').

Quickly, to milder things: 'Archie in Goonland' (Home), for example. This was an amiable telescoping of fantasies, a mad mid-summer night's dream of men and mice, with Archie Andrews, the Goons, and various puns that I am sure the *cognoscenti* must have heard in utter despair. I thought it was a good deal funnier than 'Hello Playmates' (Home), where Arthur Askey spoke our 'loud and bold' but never said very much, and Irene Handl's voice nudged and pranced (not always audibly). But I did like David Nixon's deprecating giggle. And I tried hard, without success, to like a curious extravaganza, 'Taking French Leave' (Third) which, though I appreciated Maurice Denham's humorous resource, remained beyond me. I just didn't see.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

D-Day

CERTAIN NUMBERS ARE charged with significance—three, seven, thirteen, for instance, and, for those who remember the first world war, eleven (the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month)—but I don't at the moment recall anything more noteworthy about ten than that it is the key to that ready-reckoner

the metric system. However, it occurred to someone at Broadcasting House, doubtless for good reasons, that the tenth anniversary of D-Day called for special notice, and, lo and behold, the Light Programme broke into a rash of short broadcasts on Whit Sunday scattered over the period from breakfast to bedtime and occupying in all some six hours. The Home Service chose a more concentrated celebration in 'The Story of D-Day. From Dunkirk to Normandy' which was a recording of a Light Programme broadcast of June 6, 1947. It was so timed that your indefatigable, whole-hogging listener could hear it without losing any of those broadcasts on the Light. A frail and fatigable creature by comparison, I listened to 'The Story of D-Day' and merely picked and chose from the Light. I sometimes wonder what is the intention in these revivals of the painful past. Not, surely, to remind us of what it is impossible to forget, nor yet to glorify war. Is it, perhaps, to assure us of the necessity of preparedness? I don't know.

It is most likely that I listened to 'The Story of D-Day' when it was broadcast seven years ago, but my memory is short and I didn't remember a word of it when I listened last week. It was written by Chester Wilmot and Robert Barr and it is a fine piece of work, clear, coherent, well-written, and immensely thrilling in its account of plans carefully evolved, often frustrated, then patiently and indefatigably reformed and finally carried to success. It was, in fact, a brief history of the gradual organisation of victory planned and worked out with infinite resourcefulness.

The short broadcasts on the Light took us nearer to the scenes of action. They were introduced by Lord Tedder, the Deputy Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces, in the admirably succinct talk, part of which appeared in THE LISTENER. This was followed by Robert Barr and Group Captain J. M. Stagg, Eisenhower's weather adviser, whose account of the bad weather reports which made it uncertain to the last possible moment if the invasion could begin on the chosen day made a hair-raising broadcast. In the evening I heard Brian Johnston from Nijmegen and Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks' vivid and stirring description of the capture of the two bridges, and, later, Wynford Vaughan Thomas and Piper F. McGhee once again crossing the Rhine. And I heard the Rhine, too, slapping the sides of their Duck which *Radio Times* had led me to suppose was a Buffalo. Finally came the recording of Lord Montgomery's graphic description of how he received the German generals who came to offer surrender on Lüneburg Heath and of his memories of the scene, a broadcast of absorbing interest.

All the speakers in these short broadcasts had taken an active part in the war, most of them, I believe, at the places from which they were broadcasting. Those I heard were commendably sober reports of the scenes as they are today and as the speakers recalled them from ten years ago. There was no attempt to reproduce them, as I had feared, by means of noises and other harrowing features.

A scientific talk, if we are to understand it, requires of us a knowledge of elementary facts concerning the subject in question. Without such a foundation we hear with our ears but do not grasp with our minds. The B.B.C. has in recent years taught me something about atoms, but not enough. Consequently Sir George Thomson, F.R.S., who is one of the best and most lucid broadcasters I ever heard, was unable, owing to vital gaps in my scientific knowledge, to make me grasp fully his excellent talk on 'The Hydrogen Bomb', although the absolute clearness and simplicity of his style was a delight to listen to.

Those who enjoy good broadcasting about

strange happenings in strange corners of the world will be glad, as I am, that Sir Arthur Grimble is back on the air with 'More Tales from the Pacific Islands'. In the second of these last week he made my flesh creep with his eerie tale of 'The Stinking Ghost of Utiroa'.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

The Glyndebourne 'Barber'

ON WHIT MONDAY the Third Programme offered us an illustrated talk on a 'Tenore Robusto', one Romeo Berti, whose name I must confess was unknown to me. For a few moments I began to suspect that this was a Bank Holiday joke, a burlesque at the expense of one of our highbrow disc-jockeys. But no, Romeo Berti evidently existed and the old recordings proved him to be the possessor of a true tenor voice, flexible and produced with every appearance of ease, 'golden' tone pouring out as though it were the most natural thing in the world. And yet there was hardly a trace of musical sensibility in the singer's phrasing or rhythm. Some of the well-known pieces he sang—'Una Furtiva Lagrima', for instance—were almost unrecognisable, so shapeless were they.

What could not such a singer achieve under the guidance of a conductor who would insist on tempo and phrasing? And why is it that in an age when such musical directors abound, there are apparently no tenors capable of producing that quality of tone? It is a quality demanded especially by Rossini's music and, good as was Juan Oncina's singing in 'The Barber' at Glyndebourne, it lacked the ease and flexibility and sheer beauty of tone which are preserved on those old records. It is fair to say that I know no other living tenor who could sing the part better.

The Glyndebourne production of Rossini's most popular opera justifies itself by its excellence. Everyone concerned has evidently understood the style of the opera. Beaumarchais' 'Le Barbier de Séville' was no political pamphlet like its sequel, and Figaro has not yet acquired the revolutionary notions, whose force Ebert was the first in my experience to bring out so clearly in his production of Mozart's opera twenty years ago. 'Le Nozze di Figaro' is social comedy; Rossini's opera is farce. And as farce it is played. But what good farce it is! And, thank Heaven, Ebert has not cut out all the traditional business, but has made it the foundation for a production adorned with a hundred delightful touches of his own. Unfortunately this aspect of the performance was lost in the broadcast, though it may make its effect on a diminished scale in the television performance. We must see Figaro's silent amazement when Rosina produces the letter already written, and the entry of the servant with the taper to light the candles when everyone, including the audience, expects that it is the unfortunate Basilio returning for a final 'buona sera'.

Even television will not give viewers any conception of the beauty of Oliver Messel's sets and costumes. Restraining his delight in rococo whimsies, the designer has produced strong and brightly coloured pictures which exactly match Rossini's sunlit music. Goya has been his model and the Almaviva looks like one of the painter's more handsome aristocrats come to life. Only at one point does the production put its foot wrong. In the set for Act II, a wonderful fantasia on Spanish baroque interior decoration, there is a wide window through which we may see a realistic downpour of rain (as if we didn't see enough of the real thing outside!) and the window is even blown open by the storm. Very effective, indeed—but unfortunately the whole



What would grandfather say, Mr. Horsefall?

The development of plastics has given industry and the home many useful materials.

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point of the story is that the shutters are closed and locked, and Figaro has been at pains to get hold of the key to open them.

If much of the pleasure of this performance inevitably escaped us at home, at least we heard in the highly successful broadcast some splendid singing, and a beautiful orchestral performance. Vittorio Gui made the well-known score sound as fresh as if one had never heard it before, and one noticed all sorts of details that normally get lost. I particularly like the chuckle from the orchestra, when Rosina is trying to conceal her amusement at Figaro's efforts to persuade her to write the letter, which is already written and concealed in her bodice. Graziella Sciutti's singing as Rosina was quite enchanting. Her voice is

unusually rich in quality for a soprano, warm and without any trace of shrillness, and she sang the difficult coloratura accurately and effortlessly. As her guardian, Ian Wallace proved what an admirable comedian he is and what a fine singer he has become. He sang 'A un dottor' as though it were the easiest thing in the world. Above all there was the Figaro of Sesto Bruscantini, whose every note and word was exactly in place and as perfectly timed as his gestures. Antonio Cassinelli's resourceful miming made his Basilio better than it sounded, but 'La calunnia' needs better singing if it is to match the rest of the performance. And the same comment applies to Berta's aria.

Otherwise the most interesting event of the

week was Trevor Harvey's programme, which included a brilliant performance of Goetz' Schumannesque Symphony in F. Fricker's Concertante probably needs hearing in the concert hall, if one is to appreciate the full effect of three pianos, which are apt to blend into one thick mass in a broadcast. Bernard Naylor's settings of poems by W. H. Davies, sung by René Soames, seemed admirable examples of the great English tradition in song-writing. It remains to wish the L.S.O. many happy returns of their fiftieth birthday, which was celebrated with a repetition of their first programme conducted, *vice* Hans Richter, by as many conductors as there were works.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Bax and his Piano Sonatas

By NORMAN SUCKLING

All four Sonatas will be broadcast in the Third Programme: at 6.40 p.m. on June 22, 9.55 p.m. on June 26, 6.20 p.m. on June 28, and 6.0 p.m. on July 3

THE end of the first world war saw the appearance of some first-rate pianoforte works on a large scale by English composers, just as it was beginning to look as though the monumental example by B. J. Dale were destined to be the only one of its kind. Within three years of the Armistice a sonata had been completed by Ireland and two by Bax. Both composers were aged about forty at the time, and it seemed that the energies of both had been released for extended activity by the fact that in those post-war years, for the first time since the eighteenth century, the opportunity had come for the English composer to be judged on his own merits, along with much other music which was neither Italian nor German.

The works of Bax were particularly fitted to benefit by this widening of horizons, because they owed a great deal to their author's sojourn in Russia some dozen years before. Certainly this was Bax's great flowering-time, for his First Symphony came out at the same period as these Sonatas, and put him in the forefront of modern writers for the orchestra as well as the piano, thus crowning the reputation which those familiar with what he had already done in the smaller forms and in chamber music could not doubt was his for the winning.

The First Sonata is a revision of a work originally written in Russia in 1910, and its closeness is apparent to the sonata-writing of a line of composers from Tchaikovsky to Rachmaninov: even to the admission, in both it and its successor, of a collateral influence from the declamatory one-movement form of Liszt, by which some of these Russians had also been affected. Perhaps in addition it was Bax's experience in chamber music, with the phantasy-forms given vogue by the Cobbett competitions, which induced him to telescope the three movements into the three sections of first-movement form, in something like the Lisztian manner.

Notable, moreover, in these first two sonatas is the introduction of a bridge-theme between the first and second subjects proper in such a way that it almost assumes the status of a subject in itself—as it had done in the first movement of Dale's Sonata, another work whose roots extend a long way eastward. And in both of them there is a recognisable legacy of the Lisztian rhetoric in the long *smorzando* passages from which thematic phrases detach themselves with an effect like that of penetrating orchestral scoring. But the thematic material itself recalls Liszt's Russian debtors in their excellence over their creditor: the sweep and surge of its dramatic voice is a little ostentatious but

never undignified, and it is given a noteworthy distinction by Bax's curious ability to draw out the 'dying fall' of his lyrical outbursts until many pages have been covered with what would seem structurally to be no more than a *codetta*.

In these sonatas there is not, any more than in Bax's works generally, anything conforming very strictly to the accepted notion of a development section; the composer puts most of his development into his themes on their first occurrence, with the result that recapitulation sections in their turn are liable to a process not unlike foreshortening; it is as though Bax were turning round to contemplate the ground he had covered in shortened perspective.

In the Second Sonata the second (or third) subject appears in the recapitulation only as it were by side-reference, in an alien key. The middle section of the First Sonata consists of a long discussion, at an ever increasing intensity, of a little phrase drawn from the first few notes only of the opening subject, and culminates in a hammered-out succession of the same two notes with various harmonic surroundings, which is pure Tchaikovsky. The corresponding section of the Second is devoted to a similar discussion of the motto-phrase, by means of which the work comes to life out of a kind of primeval chaos, and which undergoes a transformation amounting to apotheosis in the majestic coda. Bax was always a writer of superb closing pages, as is testified by the epilogues to his symphonies; and the G major ending of the Second Sonata is perhaps even finer than the immense four-stave glorification of the First, which Prokofiev would have labelled *colossale*. Even so this remains one of the finest *carillons* in pianistic literature—and also one of the best evidences of the debt of modern pianoforte music to the Russians, since one can hardly hear it without thinking of Lyapunov.

These sonatas, like the composer's symphonies, are epic or heroic music: a type which, here as in poetry, represents an awareness one degree farther removed from reality than the less readily acceptable truths of tragedy, but falling short, in this respect, of those alone. Something of the epic quality survives in the two later sonatas, where a return is made to the accepted number of movements and the framework more generally resembles that of Bax's mature productions in chamber music. There is the same richness of fundamental harmony, and the same power of successive transformation of themes so that each seems like the next episode of a heroic drama. There is also an approximation, closer than anywhere in the first two sonatas, of the quieter melodies to those lyrical passages of the

chamber works where Bax had been in the habit of betraying his Irish sympathies.

But by now the mature mastery of Bax's later chamber music is reflecting itself also in the pianoforte works, so that the Irish element is either reduced to its properly secondary proportions or tends to appear as an excrescence. Bax always wrote better as an exponent of the English renaissance than of the Celtic twilight; and one must notice, in the middle movement of the Third Sonata, how superior the G major passages are to that E flat interlude in which the composer was once more working a Londonderry-Air vein. The characteristic Baxian melodies pivoting on a single note, and the equally characteristic arabesque descending to this pivotal note by means of an avoidance of any of the upper harmonies implied by it, are miles away from 'Dermot O'Byrne'—as is also that remarkable recapitulatory return of G major in the Second Sonata, whereby Bax proved himself to be inhabited at least in part by the spirit of Elgar, and thus qualified to be Master of the King's Musick after all.

But not of the Queen's. Quite apart from his physical death within two years of Her Majesty's accession, Bax as a composer died early in the second world war. There should have been a Fifth Sonata—I don't mean that Bax actually planned one, though he may have done for all I know—which would have summed up his experience of the piano sonata as Sibelius' experience of the symphony was summed up in his Seventh, or as Bax himself justified his symphonic adventure by his perfection of the heroic form with epilogue. But his destiny as a writer of piano sonatas was never quite fulfilled; the work which should have combined the virtues of his one-movement and three-movement forms is missing in the frustration of those last years.

Nevertheless, the four sonatas are an imperishable monument; Bax, though his facility was probably too great to allow him to be a pioneer, is irreplaceable as a representative composer of England's reawakening, in pianoforte music as in chamber, choral, or symphonic music. And we have even now few enough opportunities of hearing his achievement in any of these four domains.

The prospectus for the Jubilee Season of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts is now obtainable (price 6d.) from the Royal Albert Hall, the B.B.C., and usual agents. Tickets for the first and last nights have been allocated by ballot; booking for the remaining concerts will open on June 21, and will be by postal application only until July 10. From July 12 normal booking arrangements will be resumed.

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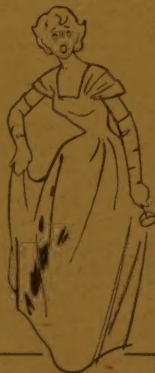
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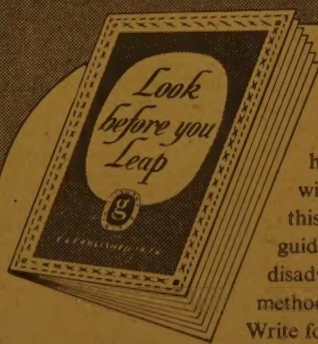


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For the Housewife

Making Gooseberry Jam

By LOUISE DAVIES

GOOSEBERRIES, I think, differ from all other fruits in that for preserving they should be hard and green and under-ripe. I do not mean by this that you should pick gooseberries when they are tiny and immature, because at that stage they have not developed their full flavour. But what you must do is to pick them before they have softened. If they are the kind that turn, say, red or yellow when they are ripe, pick them before any of that red or yellow colour has appeared. If you are buying them from a greengrocer, order them in advance. Tell him that you want them for preserving, then you can be sure that you will get them fresh and in the right condition.

Gooseberry jam has a delicious flavour, and it is one of the easiest jams to set. It has a definite interest, too, for the more experienced jam makers. I often get asked by them the same question: how do you keep gooseberry jam green? I must admit, I do not. I happen to like the reddish variety. But if you do want a green gooseberry jam this is how it is done. First, choose a variety of gooseberry which you know would remain green even if it were allowed to ripen. Secondly, it is best to use a copper or a brass preserving pan. The third essential is to give the jam the shortest possible boil to set it, once the sugar is in.

Now let us get back to the ordinary, reddish gooseberry jam. For this, you need an ordinary preserving pan or large saucepan—one made of aluminium, stainless steel, or of unchipped enamel. Do not use a chipped enamel one, or an iron pan, because the fruit acid attacks them. You must use a large pan to give ample room

for the jam to boil up rapidly and vigorously once the sugar has been put in. As for ingredients, the only ones you need are gooseberries, water, and sugar.

Preparation is simple. Just top and tail the gooseberries and wash them in a colander. I have said, it is an easy jam to make, and I think the only thing to remember is that you must cultivate a split personality! You must first be very patient and then impatient. Patient while the gooseberries are slowly simmering in the water. That is the time when they are getting soft, and the fruit acid and the gum-like pectin (both essential for the good set) are being extracted. Don't hurry this. It may take half an hour or even three-quarters of an hour to soften the fruit—it depends on the gooseberries and the size of the pan. Some of you may be inclined to boil up the gooseberries, squash them against the sides of the pan to soften them, reckon that is good enough, and quickly pour in the sugar. You can make gooseberry jam that way, but it is not the best. If you put the sugar into the gooseberries before they are thoroughly soft, the skins will immediately be toughened, and they will stay tough. But once the gooseberries are soft enough and the sugar has been added and dissolved, then the more impatient you get the better. Because now the jam needs a rolling, rapid boil with the lid off the pan to drive off the water till setting point is reached. Remember, the longer you boil gooseberry jam once the sugar is in, the redder and less attractive it will get, so test for a set after ten minutes rapid boiling. If it is not quite ready, test again at frequent intervals.

To sum up: for first-class red gooseberry jam

you need underripe fruit, a long, gentle simmer, followed by the dissolving of the sugar and then a short, rapid boil.—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

BRIGADIER CLAUDE H. DEWHURST, O.B.E. (page 1032): Military Attaché in Belgrade 1948-50; Chief of the British Military Mission to the Soviet Forces in East Germany, 1950-53; author of *Close Contact*

IAN STEPHENS (page 1033): Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; has recently been travelling in West Pakistan and Ceylon; Director of Public Information, Government of India, 1932-37; editor of *The Statesman* in Calcutta and Delhi, 1943-1951; author of *Horned Moon*

MARY MCCARTHY (page 1041): American novelist; author of *Cast a Cold Eye* (short stories), *The Groves of Academe* (novel), etc.

GENERAL F. VON SENDER UND ETTERLIN (page 1042): head of a branch of the Salem School at Spetzgart, Germany; commanded the German troops at Monte Cassino in 1944; was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY (page 1044): lectures at the Tate gallery; English correspondent for *Art News* (New York)

BASIL TAYLOR (page 1046): art historian and librarian at the Royal College of Art; editor of *Gainsborough* and *The Impressionists and Their World* and author of *French Painting*

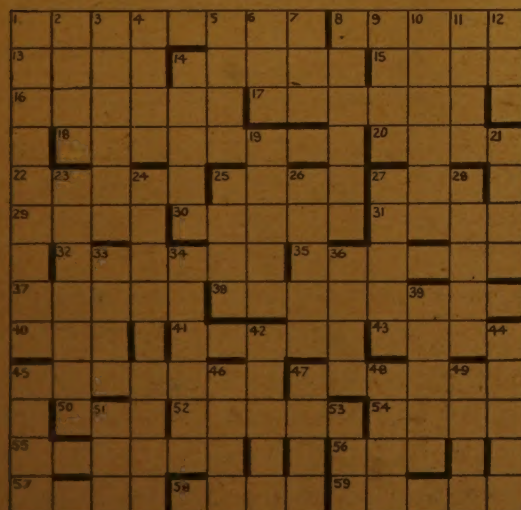
SIR GEORGE STUART ROBERTSON, Q.C. (page 1056): Chief Registrar, Friendly Societies, 1912-1937; Industrial Assurance Commissioner, 1923-1937; author of *The Law of Copyright*

Crossword No. 1,259. Pros and Cons—II. By Duplex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, June 24

The missing word in each quotation is to be used to find the word required, which is either a synonym or an antonym. The word may not entirely suit the quotation but may be considered (within reason) a synonym or an antonym. (All clues are taken from the *Oxford Book of Quotations*.)



CLUES—ACROSS

1. 'And through the palpable — find out'
8. 'Yet she never — to please'
13. 'Whose lip — is ever new?'
14. 'There was a sound of — by night'
15. 'Now we sha'n't be —'
16. 'But give me a little snug —'
17. 'Among the hungry worms I —'
18. 'Your looped and window'd —'
20. 'I'm —, Sire!'
22. 'Never you mind! — on!'
25. 'Forth went the dauntless —'
27. 'To beard the — in his den'
29. 'I know not what ye call —'
30. 'And still the less they —'
31. 'Thy fortress, and thy —'
32. 'The bitter — wherein I stray'
35. 'All things — and beautiful'
37. 'And His that — voice we hear'
38. 'Do your joys with age —?'
40. 'The blue sky bounds the —?'
41. 'Give me my scallop-shell of —'
43. 'Eating a — pie'
45. 'Ambition's — is paid'
47. 'Do no — action, speak no angry word'
50. '— and triumphant'
52. 'The imaginary — is so sweet'
54. '— not to its dregs the urn'
55. 'Such as take — in a head'
56. 'The strangest — has seized me'
57. 'Given to the common — of man'
58. 'Or — myself in dotage'
59. 'Always — everybody'

DOWN

1. 'And — walks in our ways again'
2. 'In the dull — of common things'
3. 'And nature must obey —'
4. '— to be quiet'
5. '— the door, good John!'
6. 'In the earthen —, holding treasure'
7. 'All the air is thy —'
8. 'Ending with some — deep'
9. 'How wayward the — of Fate are'
10. 'Who is the — Warrior?'
11. 'Than Oak, and —, and Thorn'

12. 'Folks prefer in fact a —'
14. 'The — Moon went up the sky'
19. 'Can utterly abolish or —?'
21. 'Thou shalt — me with hyssop'
23. '— Prefer Blondes'
24. 'I did it — in unbelief'
25. 'How all occasions do — against me'
26. 'Egyptian — I must break'
27. 'The earth is not too —'
28. 'O —, what a boy you are!'
33. 'Deep on his — engraven'
34. 'But this most foul, strange, and —'
36. 'America is a country of — men'
39. 'But oh, I am so —!'
42. 'The new — fifty volumes long'
44. 'Pavilioned in —'
45. 'Lead us, Heavenly —, lead us'
46. 'But I'll not — thee'
47. 'Down and away —'
48. 'It is not night if Thou be —'
49. 'He'll hae — great and sma'
51. 'I'm perfectly sure I have —'
53. 'Eye of — and toe of frog'

Solution of No. 1,257

C	A	B	I	N	E	T	S	C	A	R	C	O	W
L	U	R	D	A	N	W	H	I	L	E	H	U	E
O	G	I	L	V	I	E	E	V	E	N	I	N	G
A	U	G	E	A	S	E	A	I	X	T	E	C	E
C	S	H	A	L	L	D	F	C	I	N	F	E	R
A	T	T	I	R	E	R	S	G	A	O	L	S	I
T	O	P	R	U	D	E	A	R	O	M	A	R	A
E	L	O	W	E	S	T	N	O	W	D	R	U	M
A	D	O	A	I	A	S	T	H	E	R	M	S	
R	E	L	Y	E	P	I	S	C	O	P	Y	O	H
A	S	P	I	S	H	O	V	E	L	O	R	N	
B	T	I	P	T	H	E	R	E	V	U	E	I	O
L	B	E	H	I	N	D	E	R	E	M	A	S	S
E	E	R	I	E	S	O	U	B	R	E	T	T	E

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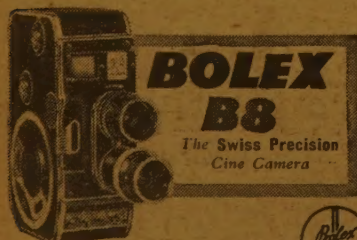
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